

APRIL 24, 1943

AMERICA

BEVERIDGE REPORT: AN ENGLISH VIEW

Lewis Watt

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PASSION IN THE ANDES

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TUNISIAN SPRING

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AUSTRIAN MISSION

Peter Berger

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 24, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

The British Beveridge Plan to repeal hunger is arousing as much controversy as our own late beverage plan to repeal thirst. AMERICA presents this week the first part of an authoritative analysis of the famous Report, sent from its English homeland by FATHER LEWIS WATT, S.J., lecturer at Oxford University on the Papal social encyclicals, and an outstanding authority in Britain on those documents. . . . PETER BERGER, at present Professor of Government and International Relations at Loyola College, Baltimore, was formerly Secretary to the Christian Social Party of Austria under the late Chancellor Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, later an editor of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. . . . MONSIGNOR L. G. LIGUTTI, who tells us what is the matter with farmers today, is Executive Secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and the author of the famous Granger Resettlement project, described in detail in the October 31, 1942, issue of AMERICA. . . . HEYWOOD BROUN needed no introduction to America's millions during his life; nor does he need introduction to AMERICA's readers now. The approach of Easter, and the growing recognition of what the vital beauty of the Faith in Latin America can mean to inter-American understanding, prompts the republication of an inspired column written shortly before his reception into the Church. . . . CAROLA MACMURROUGH spent many years in Rome exploring the tragedies and triumphs of the early Christian martyrs, both in the Eternal City and throughout its empire. Miss MacMurrough, a Virginia Catholic, has been a frequent contributor to AMERICA. . . . REV. DR. THOMAS J. MCMAHON, editor of publications for the United States Catholic Historical Society, and archivist of Dunwoodie Seminary, takes a side-trip into literary history to explore the authorship and adventures of the first American novel.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Farm Bureau Victory? Monsignor Ligutti's plain statement, in this issue, on the real danger in the impending food shortage and the calamitous results of the mistaken farm policy now riding high in Congress, will startle many an unsuspecting reader. There is nothing academic in Msgr. Ligutti's approach. During the entire term of his office as Executive Secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, he has explored every farm region in this country and has canvassed every type of mind. The opinions he here expresses are not just his own, but are in accord with conclusions reached by the Bishops, the rural clergy, the leaders of a long and impressive array of organizations throughout the United States concerned with the agricultural situation, and of a host of experienced "dirt farmers." The plan agreed upon by the Senate-House conference committee on April 14, to set up a land army, principally of imported aliens, which will freeze resident native-born farm workers to their jobs, prevent their transfer to other areas and forbid all appeal, even from the cotton-growing regions, is rightly termed by Msgr. Ligutti a measure for slavery. The summary action taken against the Farm Security Administration on the same day by the House Appropriations Committee is, as he clearly shows, a measure for our eventual starvation. Immediate and quick counter-action on the part of the men and women in the cities who will soon find themselves the victim of these, the "Big Four's" policies, can be taken by writing to their Congressmen.

Strange Partiality. Reports from the Texas border bring news that our censorship there fails to operate with complete objectivity. During the past three months the readers of the Mexican weekly, *El Sinarquista*, frequently failed to receive their mailed copies. At the same time the Mexican dailies, *Excelsior* and *El Universal*, the weekly *Hoy* and various other publications cross the line at Laredo successfully and reach their subscribers on regular schedule. Complaints to the central office in Mexico find that the censors in Texas say they have no time to examine the bundles of *El Sinarquista*, and that these are consequently rejected and fail to be delivered. There is no question of improper material in the pages of this weekly, of anti-United States or pro-Fascist propaganda. In spite of a rather spirited campaign in the leftist journals against that paper and its publishers, it earned a clean bill of health in a recent examination before a Committee of California legislators, and no one with a sense of justice would classify it as subversive. Discrimination of this type tends to alienate the friendship of a large sector in our neighbor Republic, and certainly does little to advance the policy of solidarity on which we have embarked.

Fathers Deferred. In one of the fairest decisions yet to come out of Washington, Messrs. McNutt and Hershey agreed on the reclassification of married draftees. Fathers of families thus obtained a favored status as compared with childless married men, and a postponement of their call until the other classes have been inducted. War has indeed brought dislocations to our social and economic life, but the very last dislocation should be the removal from the civil picture of the father who supports and shepherds his flock. America, as proclaimed by our national anthem, is rich in the ideals and opportunities of individual citizens. Fundamentally, though, the country is its homes and the makers of those homes. Few are the enlisted men who would not prefer to see the fathers retain their vital place in our national life until the ultimate necessity of battle demands their going off to war. By the same token, the soldiers have every right to expect these same fathers to act their part in the strengthening and defense of the land on the home front.

Reciprocal Trade. Since Secretary of State Cordell Hull appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee in 1934 to argue for the adoption of a policy to stimulate trade among nations, much water has flowed under the bridge: muddy water for the most part and, these past four years, water tragically mixed with human blood. To attribute the economic morass in which the world floundered during the decade preceding Hitler's brutal attack on Poland, as well as the war itself, solely to the stagnation of international trade and the growth of economic nationalism, is clearly an exaggeration. The causes of this war are much more complex than that. They are rooted in historical developments going back over several centuries at least—developments affecting such fundamental things as religion, ethics, philosophy and national cultures. But the breakdown of international buying and selling and the dislocation of domestic economies are factors for peace or war which it would be insane for us to deny.

Eyes on Congress. International trade is necessary for domestic prosperity in practically every nation in the modern world; and domestic prosperity, as the Holy Father said in his Christmas Allocution last year, is a condition for international peace. This thesis Secretary Hull defended in 1934. At that time he succeeded in persuading Congress to underwrite a reciprocal trade act which the Administration could use to restore and expand commerce among nations. That act, despite grave obstacles, has worked well. Under its provisions, trade agreements have been signed with twenty-seven countries, tariff and quota restrictions have been

lowered or removed, there has been a gratifying expansion of trade. Renewed twice by Congress for periods of three years, the Act expires shortly and must again be extended. If present circumstances are considered, this renewal becomes more than an automatic gesture of the Congress. The whole world is waiting to see whether we are willing to back up our talk of international collaboration in the postwar world by action *now*. The extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act would reassure the Allied Nations of the sincerity of our intentions. It would encourage, too, those elements in enemy countries which are opposed to the totalitarian scheme of things and are looking anxiously to us for some sign of hope and encouragement. The first vote on this Act was a party vote, with the Republicans in opposition. A fairly unanimous, non-partisan approval this time would help mightily to clear the international atmosphere of many nameless doubts and anxieties.

War Maps. As we glanced at the now familiar map of Tunisia this morning, our eye sought the old landmarks, Sfax and Gabes, to see how the Eighth Army and General Patton's forces were doing. With something of a shock, we found that Sfax and Gabes were no longer there; in the last few days they had slid out over the bottom right-hand corner as the fortunes of war spotlighted the American and British drives. How many hopes and fears have followed the fluctuations of the war maps! There were the grim months last year when anxious eyes turned daily to that little square in the midst of the communiqués, that window opening upon a world at war, and saw the Philippines, Java, New Guinea and the myriad islands of the Pacific moving slowly across from right to left, until the tip of the Australian continent rose terrifyingly into the picture. Then came Guadalcanal, the Coral Sea, and the picture held steady. On the other side of the world, the whole North African coast unreeled under jubilant eyes from left to right; and suddenly Oran and Casablanca leapt into view from almost nowhere. Now we await the day when our two main war maps will have as their centers Tokyo and Berlin.

That History Test. Teachers who have followed the current disturbance over the failures of freshman college students in historical tests would do well to read a canny article entitled *History in the School Curriculum*. Edgar B. Wesley, Professor of Education at the University of Minnesota, contributed this study to the March, 1943, issue of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*. Doctor Wesley lays the blame for the real or imaginary failure on the university professors of history. Their students, who become teachers of history in high schools, utterly fail in their efforts, he thinks, and this for three reasons: a) social problems have replaced pure history in most of secondary education, whereas the humanistic function of history now lies dormant or dead; b) high-school teachers of history do a poor job; and c) the high-brow attitude of their former professors prevents them

from bettering their instruction. Wesley, in common with many educationalists, wants all studies to have what he calls an "instructional" approach, a capacity to solve present and future problems for the child. In the tradition of Columbia Teachers College, he has discarded the traditional idea of education as the molder of the human character. Yet he writes a forthright indictment of historians, even catching Professor Nevins in a very bad misquotation. The whole topic deserves a good deal of honest inquiry.

They Do It In Texas. No, we are not running special publicity for Texas, but things just happen that way. This week we learned of a motorized infantry unit which stopped overnight at a little country town in Texas. It was Christmas Eve, and the inhabitants got up an improvised reception and entertainment for the boys in the Town Hall. At the close of the program, a lady announced from the platform that there was a Catholic church some thirty miles away from there, where Midnight Mass was being held. If any of the soldiers would like to attend the Mass, she said, cars would be provided to drive them over there. The number of volunteers was startling, but the citizens rose to the occasion, and got every man over to the Mass, and back again, who wished to go. At four A.M. the unit was again on its way. The Catholic boy who had imagined he would spend his Christmas Eve curled up in a jeep had found himself kneeling before the altar. The only comment is: that seems to be, somehow, the way they do things in Texas.

And They Did It In Dakar. *Et comment*, as the school-boy said who was literally translating, "and how!" April is a bit late in the season for a Christmas play, but this one was unique. At the New York University School of Education Auditorium, on April 10, the officers and sailors of the French battleship *Richelieu* reproduced, as effectively as possible, the *Mystère de Noël* that they had played last Christmas on board their ship in the harbor of Dakar. There were sea-chanteys of the men in chorus, and nostalgic folk dances were swung with the cooperation of local student groups. The Christmas play was wholly Catholic, in the style of Henri Ghéon, mixing past and present, fantasy and religion, piety and glorious anachronisms, modern wisecracks and ancient carols. A brilliantly conceived stage *décor* reproduced the *Richelieu's* deck. Director, or rather genius of the whole affair, was the ship's surgeon, Jean Duluc. The play, the agile and grinning Doctor explained, will be repeated at Toulon and Brest one of these days. Once more the songs and dances will be rendered, not of an exiled, but of a victorious France. If you had seen the type of men who played and sang, and prayed, in that event, you would have no doubt about the future rendezvous in Toulon.

Fashion Note. If an exclusively male staff may venture a remark in this field, bewilderment about feminine headgear is no modern masculine degeneracy. Back in 1828, according to *The Pleasures of*

Publishing, of the Columbia University Press, even the sagacious Noah Webster bowed to inglorious defeat when he tried to describe a lady's hat. He is on fairly firm ground when he starts with the sound platform that a hat is a "covering for the head," but he falters a bit when he says that women's hats are "made of straw or grass braid and [craven!] various materials," but when it comes to the shapes he gives up—"of these, the ever-varying forms admit of no description that can long be correct." In a bewildered and bewildering world, this age-old puzzlement of the mere male will give us a great sense of solidarity as we goggle at the Easter parade. Anyway, we still prefer hats on the ladies to welders' man-from-Mars masks.

Footnote to Bertrand Russell. The taxpayers and others who objected to the appointment of Bertrand Russell as a professor at the College of the City of New York may be interested to know just how low he has stooped in his attacks on Christianity. Author of the learned *Principia Mathematica*, hailed as a scientist and philosopher, lecturer in mathematics at Cambridge and in philosophy at Harvard, Russell has sunk to writing, "exclusively for the Haldeman-Julius publications," an anti-Christian diatribe of which we need say no more than that it is entirely worthy of Haldeman-Julius, and is entitled, with unconscious irony, *An Outline of Intellectual Rubbish*.

Buy War Bonds. Public response during the first few days of the Second War Loan drive must have been heartening to Washington officialdom. Any fears that March tax payments and the rising cost of living had cooled the people's ardor toward lending money to the Government failed to be realized, and indications now are that the goal will be attained with something to spare. Perhaps the public, despite a surface apathy which contrasts oddly with the fanfare of 1917-18, is more deeply immersed in this war than is generally realized. Perhaps, too, the Administration's educational campaign against the menace of inflation is beginning to show substantial results. The man in the street seems finally to have realized the vast and dangerous difference between Government borrowing from the commercial banks and Government borrowing from savings banks, insurance companies and private individuals. In the first case, new money is poured into circulation, increasing the pressure on the price structure. In the second case, no new money is created. Existing money is merely transferred from the people to their Government—a process which lessens the pressure of purchasing power on our dwindling supply of goods and services. The Treasury needs the \$13,000,000,000 to meet the astronomical costs of the most expensive war in history; and on this score alone the Government has reason to be gratified at the public response. But its satisfaction is understandably heightened by the knowledge that much of the money is coming from non-inflationary sources. The Second War Loan drive appears headed for a double success.

UNDERSCORINGS

FEDERICO Cardinal Cattani-Amadori, the third of the College of Cardinals to die since March 17, passed away at Rome. Only forty-six of the College now remain, twenty-seven being Italians.

► His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, assisted at the regular Lenten sermon in the Vatican Palace on April 9. N.C.W.C. reports the Pontiff fully recovered from his recent indisposition.

► New favors regarded as true miracles brought the reintroduction of the Cause for Canonization of Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne, R.S.C.J.

► Italian newspapers, for the first time in several weeks, have criticized the *Osservatore Romano*, Vatican daily. On March 31 the *Popolo di Roma* deplored the fact that "Anglo-Saxon social programs" are taken seriously by the *Osservatore*.

► During the past two months, the Apostolic Delegation in Washington has handled 80,000 messages, to and from all parts of the world, in relation to the status of war prisoners. This vast world-wide work of mercy was put into effect by Pope Pius XII on behalf of war victims. The service knows no distinction of race or religion.

► From the Military Ordinariate comes a disclosure of the excellent work done by our Chaplains, and the virile religious condition of our soldiers. During last December, 1,401 Chaplains distributed 800,000 Holy Communions. This does not take into account a fairly large number of unrecorded cases. Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, who gave out the data, notes that the great increase in the number of Communion dates from the granting of the privilege to Chaplains of Mass up to 7:30 P.M.

► Vatican radio reports that Church authorities in Germany have been told by the police that Catholic mission and war work must be confined to the hours before 8:00 A.M. and after 7:00 P.M.

► *Religious News Service* has a wireless message from Geneva to the effect that Nicolas Berdyaev, noted Russian theologian and convert from Marxism, has been arrested in Paris by the Nazis. The same service tells of the arrest by the Nazis in France of the Superior General of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, in an effort to learn the whereabouts of one of her Sisters who is said to have helped to free many French prisoners.

► At LaPaz in Bolivia, the Catholic Normal School for teachers who work among the Indians has resumed its courses. A Government decree assures official recognition to the graduates of its three-year course, with rights equal to those of all Bolivian normal school graduates.

► In Washington the State Supreme Court is hearing a petition to reconsider its decision, regarding the constitutionality of permitting private and parochial school children to use buses provided for taking children to schools within the State.

► Paul V. McNutt, Chairman of the War Manpower Commission, has added "Church Activities" to the *Index of Essential Activities* in war work. Thus those directly engaged in religious, charitable and educational institutions of the Church receive their just place in regard to the draft regulations.

THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the week ending April 12, the British 8th Army in South Tunisia attacked the latest Axis position near Gabes on the 6th, driving a wedge into the enemy's line before daylight. During the ensuing night the Axis marched off northwards. The British, following, entered Sfax on the 10th, and Sousse on the 12th. So far they have taken 9,500 prisoners.

While this was occurring, American and French troops, attacking from the west, occupied Pichon on the 9th. The British 1st Army, on the 7th, made its first major attack in north Tunisia, and has advanced several miles, taking 2,000 prisoners. As this is written, British, American and French forces are attacking all along the Tunisian front.

The Axis appears to be abandoning Tunisia, except for the fortress of Bizerte. Admiral Muselier, late French commandant of that place, considers that 25,000 men are enough to defend Bizerte. British reports credit the Axis with having ten times this number in Tunisia. If the Axis decides to hold also the city of Tunis, which is probable, 50,000 to 100,000 men might be as many as they would need for this purpose. Troops in excess would be useless, and it is not surprising that some of them are reported as on the way back to Italy.

As long as the Axis has sea and air communication between Bizerte and the mainland of Europe, it can receive men to replace casualties, and stores. Under similar circumstances, Leningrad has held out for a year and a half. The British commander in Tunisia, General Alexander, expects hard fighting before this last Axis stronghold in Africa is overcome.

The Japanese have attacked the British on the frontier between Burma and India and, unfortunately, advanced thirteen miles. The Japanese report that American troops took part in this battle. This is the first report there has been made as to Americans being in the battle line in India. The enemy's gain is not in itself important, as the country where the fighting occurred has no special value. It does set back hopes for an invasion of Burma for this year. The rainy season is now coming on, and the prospects are that an attempt to reopen the Burma road will wait until the next dry season starts in November.

In the southwest Pacific area, great air activity has developed. This is new for the Japanese, having arisen within the last month or two, which is to be explained by the Japanese having completed new airdromes in the vast country they conquered.

American air forces have been making devastating raids day and night against Japanese bases and ships. With one exception, the Japanese raids, while frequent, have not caused much damage or many casualties. On April 7, about 100 Jap planes attacked American transports with their naval escort near Guadalcanal, and sank a destroyer, a tanker, and two small craft. We also lost seven planes, against an acknowledged Jap loss of six planes, which our reports state should really be thirty-five planes.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

CONGRESS, at this writing, is still wondering what it will do about the Ruml Plan or something like it, whether the FSA should go to the Farm Credit Administration, and just what it will do about our muddled food-supply situation. It is wondering whether the new war loan will ease the tax pressure, and whether the crucial miners' wage debate will upset price levels, and whether the President's hold-the-line order really gives Director Byrnes the power he will need, and whether the other "czars" who have been subordinated to Mr. Byrnes will be easy in their new position.

More crucial than any other of these problems, however, is the Austin-Wadsworth manpower proposal, or rather, the real situation that lies behind the legislative controversy which it has created. Recent testimony before the House Military Affairs Committee, particularly that of Under-Secretary of War Patterson, has brought a realization that we are here touching the heart of the whole matter of the nation at war, and its attitude toward what lies ahead of us.

As I have mentioned on other occasions, the real difficulty is not a political one, but an honest uncertainty about what is best for the country. It is beginning to dawn on us that the final conquest of Germany and Japan is going to be a bloody business, costing us many hundreds of thousands of dead. Before it is over, every single inhabitant of the country, man, woman and child, is going to undergo severe sacrifices, and in some way is going to be mobilized in the war effort. That is pretty well agreed by everyone in authority in Washington. Consequently, the only real argument here is whether this final total mobilization is to take place under compulsion or voluntarily.

The War and Navy Departments, naturally perhaps, have committed themselves to compulsion, and now, Congress, closer to the people, yet well-enough informed on the necessity, is more hesitant. It has practically admitted the inevitability of mobilization, for its only real reason for hesitation is that we ought to wait and see if the people will not do what is necessary of its own accord.

It is here, it seems to me, that Congress has touched the final reality of the matter. The people will do what it is told, if it is told, and will not ask the reason why. But if the people is to do the same thing voluntarily, then it must know why. And this, of course, brings the whole affair into the realm of the spirit. Military obedience is one thing—a sort of automatic habit—but a popular movement, which is what a "voluntary" war must be, is something else entirely.

Here is a fundamental cleavage that must be settled before we get on with the war. It is more than the preservation of democracy that is at stake, or even the retention of civilian government. It is rapidly becoming a crisis in which the country will be forced to examine its conscience and ask itself what it is fighting the war for, and why. It will find the answer either in its own soul or in a blind submission.

WILFRID PARSONS

THE BEVERIDGE REPORT: AN ENGLISH ANALYSIS

LEWIS WATT

THE Plan for Social Security contained in the report presented to the British Parliament towards the end of last year, and recently the subject of heated debates at Westminster, will no doubt be known to history as the Beveridge Report, from the name of the distinguished economist who signed it. But it is well to keep in mind that Sir William Beveridge did not conduct a one-man investigation. He acted as chairman of an inter-departmental committee, appointed by the British Government. In hearing the evidence of the various individuals and organizations which appeared before the committee, and in questioning them, he had the assistance of representatives of all the Government Departments concerned with the administration of the existing system of social insurance in Great Britain, and he was able to acquaint himself with their views. That these officials did not sign the Report, or present a Minority Report, is due simply to the fact that, being civil servants, they are not permitted to express publicly their private views on matters affecting State policy. The attempt to make political capital out of their silence has rightly failed.

It would be interesting to know how many of those who are hastening to proclaim that the Report must be accepted (or rejected) by the Government have really mastered it in all its details. To do so is not an easy business. The main body of the Report covers 172 large pages of ordinary type. In addition, there are 121 pages of Appendices, more than half in small type. Furthermore, there is a second volume containing the Memoranda submitted to the committee by forty-three of the organizations which gave evidence (244 pages of ordinary type). The Report itself, to say nothing of the important appendices, is a closely-argued document. Its language is clear and unambiguous, without any frills. Its division into sections and numbered paragraphs is helpful to the reader but, unfortunately, there is no alphabetical index, and all too few cross-references. This is very regrettable, because widely separated paragraphs treat of the same topics from various angles, all of which must be taken into account for a true picture of the proposals.

However, the general purpose of the Plan and the general outline of the methods proposed to effect this, are clear enough. Beveridge wishes to provide an income-floor, below which no citizen can fall (as many do fall at present) through circum-

stances over which the individual has no control. To a very limited extent, this is already provided for certain classes of *employees* in Britain by the existing system of social insurance, which provides benefits for times of unemployment (for a limited period) and illness, as well as small pensions for widows, orphans and the aged poor. This system, though it has been praised by the International Labor Office, has many shortcomings. The benefits given in exchange for weekly contributions are small, and the administration of the system is in the hands of too many Departments. In addition, public assistance (the modern name for Poor Law relief) is given, subject to a means test, and many of the workers are voluntarily insured against sickness and death.

The idea that the Beveridge Report introduces some new principle into the British social system when advocating social insurance is entirely mistaken. It attempts to unify and extend existing schemes. It aims at providing a subsistence income (or "national minimum") from an Insurance Fund administered by a single Ministry of Social Security, with local branches, for all citizens, whether employees or not, who find themselves in circumstances which normally interrupt or destroy earning power. It imposes compulsory contributions to the Fund on almost all citizens of working age. For those people who, for one reason or another, fall through the meshes of the social-insurance system, it relies on National Assistance from the proceeds of general taxation. It proposes, moreover, to provide certain grants for the expenses incidental to marriage, maternity and death, in addition to the provision of the benefits it includes.

Taking social security to mean the assurance of a subsistence income throughout life, the Report catalogs as primary threats to security: unemployment, disability through illness or accident, loss of livelihood by non-employees, age leading to retirement from earning, funeral expenses and the special needs of women. For all these needs, it suggests appropriate forms of financial benefit, weekly payments to provide a subsistence income. (It encourages voluntary insurance to secure an income higher than this.) To supplement these benefits, there ought to be, in Beveridge's opinion, a system of children's allowances, paid by the State out of the proceeds of general taxation, for every child in full-time education up to the age of sixteen, with the exception of the oldest child in each family

(unless the responsible parent is on benefit or pension, when no child is excepted). There should also be, he considers, a national health and rehabilitation service for the prevention and cure of ill health, financed by the National Exchequer and the local rates, with a contribution from the Insurance Fund.

Since this is an insurance scheme, by which statutory contractual rights are vested in the insured in return for their contributions to the Fund, the benefits and grants are paid without inquiry into the applicant's means. It is quite possible that the applicant may have financial resources which prevent him or her falling into need, even when one of the contingencies occurs in respect of which the Plan provides insurance; but this will not prevent payment of benefits, pensions or grants.

The purpose of the Plan being insurance to cover subsistence needs, no beneficiary will be permitted to draw more than one benefit or pension at any given time. The grants, given for special needs, can be combined with receipt of benefit or pension.

In order to adapt the scheme as closely as possible to the various modes of life of the citizens, Beveridge divides the total population into six categories. The first of these comprises all employees (without upper income limit).¹ If any of these falls out of work through no fault of his own, he will receive weekly unemployment benefit so long as out of work (supposing in this and subsequent paragraphs that the requisite insurance contributions have been paid), but he must accept suitable employment if offered. After six months, the benefit will be paid only on condition that, if required, he attend a work or training center to keep him fit and, if necessary, prepare him for some new type of work. If he is prevented by illness or accident from working, he will receive disability benefit so long as disabled, subject to acceptance of suitable medical treatment or vocational training. The genuineness of the disability will be proved by medical certification and sick-visiting. The existing system of workmen's compensation (paid by employers, who usually insure themselves against this risk) will be superseded. Instead, if disability is due to accident or disease arising out of and in the course of employment, disability benefit will, after thirteen weeks, be replaced by an industrial pension amounting to two-thirds of the average earnings lost by the disability, up to £3 a week, and never less than the disability benefit it replaces. Should death result from industrial disease or accident, a grant will be made to the widow (if any) and to persons dependent on the deceased. (There will be no contribution conditions for claims in respect of industrial disease or accident.)

The second category includes people who are gainfully occupied but not employees (i.e. who are working on their own account as employers or by themselves). If their income is below (say) £75 a year from all sources, they can claim exemption from the scheme. Instead of unemployment benefit,

those in this category who lose their means of livelihood and need to find a new occupation will be paid a training benefit for a maximum period of six months, subject to satisfactory attendance at a training center. They will also receive disability benefit, but only after thirteen weeks of invalidity, during which they must keep up their insurance contributions.

Housewives (married women living with their husbands) form the third category. Here the situation is a little complicated by the fact that some of them are not gainfully occupied, while many others are, and that of those so occupied some are employees, some not. On marriage, a woman is to acquire new rights, but will not carry on into her new state claims to unemployment or disability benefit in respect of her pre-marriage contributions. All women, on marriage, will be given a marriage grant from the Insurance Fund, proportionate to their previous contributions, and a small maternity grant on child-birth. All women will acquire, during married life, the right to a pension in old age through their husband's contributions. Married women gainfully occupied can elect to be exempt from the scheme, paying no contributions to it (though the employer of a married woman will pay contributions as for his other employees). Even such exempted women will be entitled to receive (in addition to the maternity grant) maternity benefit for thirteen weeks on child-birth, and (if employees) industrial disability benefit and industrial pension. Gainfully occupied married women who do not elect for exemption will have the right to the benefits provided for other gainfully employed persons (in the first and second categories) according to their position as employee or non-employee; but (apart from old-age pension) at a reduced rate. As for housewives *not* gainfully occupied, their husbands' contributions ensure for a joint benefit (unemployment, training, or disability) and joint retirement pension, sufficient for the subsistence of both.

The provision made for widows varies with their circumstances. In contrast with existing conditions, a widow of working age without dependent children will receive benefit for thirteen weeks only, instead of a pension throughout working life (or until remarriage) as at present. If she has dependent children, she will (after the thirteen weeks) get Guardian Benefit, as well as the children's allowance. Training benefit will be available to help widows to find work.

In the fourth category are "Others of working age." This includes students over school-leaving age, persons of private means, unmarried women living at home and not earning money, and some others. If they lose their means of support, they can apply for training benefit. Those whose yearly income is less than (say) £75 can claim exemption from the scheme.

Children are the fifth category. As mentioned above, they will get allowances from the State. Men at sixty-five and women at sixty enter the sixth category, and, on condition of retiring from gainful occupation, will receive a pension sufficient

¹In the following paragraphs, *he* and *his* include *she* and *her*, except when the context shows the contrary.

to provide a subsistence income. There are subsidiary provisions, the chief being that, for financial reasons, pensions at the full rate will not come into operation until some twenty years have elapsed after the introduction of the Plan. In the meantime, Assistance Pensions subject to a means test will provide a subsistence income.

All categories of the population will share in the benefits of the proposed national medical and rehabilitation scheme; and all are insured for a funeral grant varying with the age of the deceased. It is claimed that the present system by which the workers insure against funeral expenses with private companies and societies is excessively expensive, and open to other abuses. Further, provision is made for an allowance in respect of an adult dependent on an insured single person.

The requisite money for a subsistence income for

a married couple and a single man or woman, as well as for children's allowances and the various grants, has been carefully calculated, and the probability of changes in the value of money has been foreseen and provided for.

As for the insurance contributions, those of employees will be increased by an addition made by their employer, who will deduct the employee's share of the joint contribution from wages or salary. The State will contribute nothing towards the funeral and marriage grants, but of the full actuarial contribution required for unemployment benefit it will contribute one-third, for the other benefits one-sixth.

Finally, the Report assumes that in peace-time conditions the average rate of unemployment will not exceed about eight and one half per cent.

(To be continued)

AUSTRIA'S HISTORIC ROLE — KEEPER OF THE EASTERN GATE

PETER BERGER

ON March 12, in the year 1938, motorized German troops crossed the Austrian frontier in overwhelming force. On the previous day a German ultimatum had forced the resignation of the Austrian Federal Chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, and the formation of a new Cabinet headed by Seiss-Inquart, Hitler's man. Supported by the occupying army, Seiss-Inquart proclaimed the incorporation of Austria into the Reich. In the same proclamation a plebiscite was ordered for April 11, in which the Austrian people had to "decide" on the "return" of their country to the Reich. The value of the result of the vote of April 11—more than ninety-nine per cent for the *Anschluss*—is best illustrated by an utterance of Seiss-Inquart himself, who had predicted a majority of seventy-five per cent in favor of an independent Austria in the event of the plebiscite announced by Schuschnigg before the German occupation.

The European Great Powers accepted the complete reversal of the Central European situation with forced resignation, or with vain protests. This attitude of the Western Powers did nothing to prevent the next disaster. The Czechoslovak republic, outflanked by the annexation of Austria, lost first the territories inhabited by German-speaking populations, and then collapsed entirely. Germany remained master of the commanding positions of Central Europe; the way to Poland, to the Balkans, to the domination of the European continent was

opened. The lever had been put to the right spot on March 12, 1938.

The recalling of these fateful events has more importance than a mere historic review. They give testimony to strategic facts, founded in the immutable geographic configuration of this critical region in the heart of Europe. Back to the times of Attila, all invaders of the European continent tried to get hold of the central Danube valley—in particular of the pivotal area at the gates of the Eastern Alps, where broad natural routes from Germany to the South intersect this great river connecting the center and the Southeast of Europe.

There was only one moment in history in which Austria's strategic role was not valued, namely at Paris, in 1919. There the Danubian Monarchy, which for centuries had guarded this most sensitive and dangerous zone of the Continent, was stricken from the map. One would do wrong to the Paris peace-makers to contend that they overlooked entirely the importance of Austria. The French statesmen, at least, resisted an increase of the German population by means of the incorporation of Austria. But the peace-makers were satisfied with the mere negative prohibition of the *Anschluss*; they did nothing to maintain, or to organize anew, around Vienna and the central Danube, a Power whose strength would be sufficient to defend this critical space, and whose living conditions were well enough balanced to resist all dan-

ger of surrender. Austria was to them not the "key position" of the Continent, as Sir Samuel Hoare called it later; not the European "turn-table" in Briand's phrase. For the peace treaty of St. Germain—which settled the peace conditions of that country—Clemenceau's phrase: *L'Autriche est ce qui reste* was decisive. Of the 13,000,000 German-speaking inhabitants of Austria-Hungary, more than 6,000,000 were distributed among the other Succession States; and the territory and the traffic lines of the new Austrian republic were crippled, wherever this was deemed feasible, to fulfil the wishes of Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia. The newly created Succession States hastened to erect high protective customs barriers, cutting to pieces the economic unit of the central Danube Valley. Thus the city of Vienna, with a population of 2,000,000, remained as a bodiless head with a poor, thinly populated Alpine region; separated from all its natural resources and markets in the Bohemian, Hungarian and Southern Slav countries, and from its old Adriatic seaport. Austria languished under the pressure of a very low living standard and of steady unemployment. A condition of anemia was induced where the principal arteries of Europe flow together. It was well-nigh a physical corollary that the strongest neighboring power would finally break into the existing vacuum.

In the inquiries into the causes of the Second World War made by the various writers and politicians, undue importance is given to the treaty of Versailles, concluded with Germany, in comparison with those of St. Germain and Trianon, concluded with Austria and Hungary respectively. Indeed, the treaty of Versailles meant no essential change in the power-structure of the old Continent. Germany had lost a few provinces in the West and in the East, but the bulk of her territory, of her population and of her economic forces, remained undiminished. The treaties of St. Germain and Trianon, on the contrary, were of most revolutionary character; for they destroyed one of the oldest European Powers, or at least ensured its destruction; they overthrew completely, and with lasting effect, the system that had been called the European balance of power.

The statesmen who were responsible for the acts of previous great peace congresses shrank from too radical changes of the European map and from complete extinction of the defeated Powers, when such alterations were apt to disturb the existing equilibrium among the remaining great Powers. This was true in particular of the Congress of Vienna, which added to the principle of a "just balance of power" that of the "legitimacy" of the existing governments and frontiers. Despite the great imperfections of this system, despite military skirmishes, Europe preserved its main features until 1914. Throughout a century, a general war was prevented and the road kept free for the continuous and rapid progress of culture and civilization.

In the 1919 peace conference, the old principles of balance of power and of legitimacy were replaced by those of international federation and of

nationality. The "right of self-determination of nations" was proclaimed in the spirit of an abstract theory, and the old dependency of state frontiers on the geographical configuration was also thought to be abrogated. As Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, later President of the Czecho-Slovak republic, said in Oxford, in 1915:

... history does not prove anything. . . . Smaller national States could exist very well . . . frontiers are losing more and more their political importance . . . and the progress of culture means the control and mastery of nature and of its blind forces.

We all know today what really happened. We have experienced the complete failure of the League of Nations, an organization designed to protect small nations and supposed to make superfluous regional organizations among them. We have heard, through two decades, complaints of oppression coming from compact national groups which were incorporated into Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania. The protests of the South Tyrolese, Sudeten Germans, Hungarians, Slovaks, Croats and Slovenes, were raised long before Hitler made clear that the old Monarchy had been cut to pieces only to give space to new multi-racial states. Under the screen of "national self-determination," new master races had seized power. They did not restrain their rule by the old, tolerant Austrian constitutional law of equality of all nationalities composing the State. St. Germain and Trianon worked only in a negative, destructive way: the old principles of legitimacy and of balance of power were overthrown; but the new organizing ideas of nationality and federation failed to be realized in practice. It was not only a physical, but also a moral vacuum which the violent force from the North broke into in 1938.

The coming peace which, after the victory of the Allies, shall establish order and justice in the heart of Europe, must be as different from Hitler's "New Order" as from the chaotic "system" of 1919. It may seem premature to discuss future statutes and frontiers as long as the guns have the decisive say. However, one thing appears certain: any peace order which will be erected in the Danubian space must necessarily imply a restoration of an Austrian State which is to be given not only the economic opportunities adequate to the cultural level of its population, but which will also be strong enough to fulfill its European mission. Otherwise any thinkable combination, *entente*, alliance or confederation around the Danube Basin will crumble again under the pressure of that neighboring Great Power which, at a given moment, disposes of the strongest offensive forces.

There are skeptics who recognize the weight of such an argument as well as the mistakes made in the past. But they think that, unfortunately, broken dishes cannot be made again what they were. Nationalism, goaded on by the proclamation of the principle of self-determination, is too strong, according to them, to allow for a reconstruction of the Danube Basin which would even remotely recall the old Habsburg monarchy. Considering especially the Austrians, it is doubtful that they could

regain full national self-consciousness, in view of their sad experiences since 1919, in view of the Pan-German propaganda working systematically on Austrian youth through many years. Therefore, the best solution can be found in a combination grouped around a Czecho-Slovak-Polish alliance, closely supported by the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Such ideas are launched in spite of hesitations on the part of Polish politicians, who may see a more comfortable defense in a less powerful union, e.g., in a self-reliant union of the Danube States. There are liberal parliamentarians who insist on a free plebiscite of the Austrian people about their political future; and other less scrupulous, but more realistic statesmen, in office, who will in no case permit Germany to hold the Eastern Alp-Danube key position and, by it, control all of Central Europe. An independent Austrian republic, according to the pattern of St. Germain, should therefore be restored as a buffer state and a military *glacis* of the East European combination of powers.

What is the attitude of the Austrian people? We know very little about the real thoughts of the populations in Central Europe. Certainly the prevailing attitude of the Austrian people towards the Reich is very different now, in the fourth year of war, from what it was under the shock of the overwhelming occupation in 1938. It will be very different again when the nightmare is lifted from it. But there are stable forces of national opinion which survive revolutionary oscillations. As a matter of fact, the Austrian people are conscious of their prevailing Teutonic origin, despite considerable Celtic, Roman and Slavonic intermixtures, despite their decisive cultural affinity to Latin-Mediterranean nations as a result of their history. Austria was a German country during 900 years, and her rulers bore the crown of Germany for nearly the half of that time. As the leadership over Germany fell to Prussia, in 1866, and Austria had to leave the German Confederation, no German-speaking Austrian thought of any political existence for his people other than in the Danube monarchy, which for centuries had been the center of Austrian life. Of the situation immediately after the first World War Colonel E. M. House, in *What Really Happened in Paris*, remarked rightly:

At the close of the war probably the majority of the German Austrians would have preferred independence. . . . As the months passed and the Austrians realized how narrow would be their boundaries, and that there was no chance of a Danubian Federation, the movement for annexation gathered strength.

Indeed, it was political despair which produced the *Anschluss* movement in the darkest hour which Austria had thus far experienced. The very modest opportunities of life which the country had regained during the succeeding fifteen years gave it the strength for the heroic defense of its national existence through five years of subjection to Nazi tyranny.

It is not sufficient to liberate Austria from its present yoke; it is also necessary to give her a national existence in accordance with the needs of

her people and worthy of her history. Then Austria, with the full support of her entire population, will fulfil her centuries-old mission of guarding the defiles of the central Danube against any invader who would disturb the tranquility of Europe.

Nobody in Austria thinks of the restoration of the dual Monarchy, which was a product of the defeat of Sadowa in 1866. On the other hand, the Austrian people could not accept any "nucleus" of a limited number of Central European powers around which other, second-rate partners should be grouped, according to the hegemonial plans of the late Little Entente. The Austrians full-heartedly thank President Roosevelt for his words of January 6, 1942: ". . . the United Nations are not making all this sacrifice of human effort and human lives to return to the kind of world we had after the last war." After the liberation of Europe the way will be open once more for cooperation of the Danubian nations, on the basis of racial justice, common economic welfare and mutual defense.

There would be no hope of ensuring stability and peace if equilibrium should be sought by means of an East-European alliance, as mentioned above, whether Austria be left under German domination or re-erected as a miserable buffer state. In the case of a future clash between Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, whatever its ideological forms might be, any solution which fails to leave an intermediate zone between both racial forces would make it hopeless to call upon the Austrian people to fight against Prussia. In this case, Europe's key position would remain definitely in the hands of that Power.

Austria was, through all her history, a Catholic nation. Beyond that, Catholic thought endowed Austria with that universalist spirit which alone could enable her to overcome the flood of nationalisms in a zone of greatest international dangers. Since 1781, complete religious tolerance had ruled in Austria. However, the strongest spiritual force maintaining Austrian nationality is Catholicism. At the time of the Reformation, the Habsburgs refused to head the Lutheran movement and to erect an invincible imperial power over Germany by means of the confiscation of the property of the Catholic Church. As democracy in Austria rose in the nineteenth century, Vienna's great burgomaster, Karl Lueger, founded the Christian Social Party, whose social program antedated the great *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII, and which soon gained a leading position in the representative bodies of Austria. In the hour of greatest national distress after the first World War, the priest-scholar, Federal Chancellor Msgr. Ignaz Seipel, saved the State from economic collapse. Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, a thoroughly Catholic man, instituted foundations for social reform in the spirit of Pope Pius XI's encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. He sacrificed his life in the fight for the independence of his country. Would it be possible to leave fallow the spiritual forces of Austrian Catholicism for the organization and preservation of the peace? There can be one answer only in these mourning days of Austrian patriots, five years after the loss of their fatherland.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FARMERS?

L. G. LIGUTTI

WHAT is the matter with these farmers anyway? Why don't they produce more? Why do they demand higher prices? Why don't they agree among themselves? These are questions of city people. They have a right to ask them, and they should have a clear-cut reply.

American agriculture is able to produce much more food by using its available tillable acreage, labor supply and machinery. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics and census data leave little doubt in the matter.

Per cent of possible increases in farm production if proper credit, marketing and management assistance are furnished:

| | |
|---|----|
| Region I, New England, N. Y., Pa., N. J., Md., Del..... | 15 |
| Region II, Mich., Wis., Minn..... | 32 |
| Region III, Ohio, Ind., Ill., Iowa, Mo..... | 27 |
| Region IV, Ky., Tenn., W. Va., Va., N. C. | 22 |
| Region V, S. C., Ga., Ala., Fla..... | 28 |
| Region VI, Ark., Miss., La..... | 26 |
| Region VII, Kans., Neb., S. D., N. D..... | 40 |
| Region VIII, Texas, Okla..... | 34 |
| Region IX, Cal., Utah, Nev..... | 19 |
| Region X, Mont., Wyo., Colo..... | 28 |
| Region XI, Wash., Ore., Idaho..... | 16 |
| Region XII, Ariz., N. Mex..... | 29 |
| U. S. Total..... | 27 |
| 14 Southern States..... | 27 |
| All Other States..... | 28 |

The over-all possible average of increase is twenty-seven per cent. Why then have we an actual scarcity of food in the United States?

A little background knowledge is necessary. There are 6,097,000 farms in the United States. Roughly, these can be divided into three groups of 2,000,000 each.

The upper third possesses the best land, the capital, the credit facilities, the managing power, the machinery, the livestock and the marketing facilities. At times they have too much land, or exploit the land, or form unsocial alliances to boost prices. They may pay very low wages to the seasonal workers. They are the industrialists who run factories in the fields. They possess the good and bad qualities of the typical American industrialist. At the present time this group needs machinery replacement and a mobile force of farm hands to keep up their high production. They must have them. The production of this one-third of American farms has been, and is, at the top. A higher price for their products will not increase their production.

Some of them say by implication: "Turn over to us the other two-thirds of American farms, give us a guaranteed high price, an increased labor

force at a low price, plenty of machinery and we will feed the world." Perhaps they could do it. Who knows? But should 4,000,000 farmers be dispossessed, moved, or thrown out, even on account of a war emergency? If there were no other way to increase production under the present war stress, we might consider it.

But what is the situation?

Two million farmers have less productive capacity because of poorer soil, inferior management, improper credit and marketing facilities. A combination of credit, management instruction and marketing aids would improve and increase the livestock, make possible better tilling practices, and thus enhance the quality of the soil, and productivity would rise. Again, in this group higher prices cannot boost production. The help must come to them to enable them to produce.

What has just been said of the middle third of the 6,000,000 farmers can be said of the lowest third, with greater emphasis on the disadvantages and less hope for immediate improvement because they are so far down. These 4,000,000 farmers are actually under-employed. Hence their production is not efficient or up to par. They want to help in the war effort, but lack the opportunities for doing so. Higher prices will not help them, especially when prices affect the feeds they have to buy. They need sympathetic farm-management assistance. They need credit. They must be educated to cooperate in labor and machinery pools. If our Government builds and equips big ordnance plants and rents them out to private concerns for a yearly rental, why could not the Government buy up cows that are being sold for slaughter and rent them out to under-employed farmers for a fair rental or on shares? Milk is an essential war weapon. Milk production could thus be increased.

According to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and census studies, 1,840,000 under-employed farmers could increase their production over 1942 so that the consumers could have available on the market not less than \$1,000,000,000 worth of milk, pork, beef, eggs, chickens, soybeans, peanuts and beet sugar.

These immediate and urgent results that can be achieved are but infinitesimal when compared with the improved standards of living, education, morale and property ownership for the less fortunate 4,000,000. This is where improvement has been needed, and this is the time to strike, killing two birds with one stone. *It is building a safe democracy while feeding a rationed democracy.*

If we analyze the causes of the present shortage and mismanagement, we find:

1. Too little attention has been paid to the poorer farmers of America in education, credit and marketing facilities. The Farm Security Administration has been the only Government organization that has done a good job of this. Hence the opposition to it by vested interests and high-hat fellow farmers.

2. The poorer farmers have sought to ape the upper third and have disregarded self-sufficiency, production for use and possibilities of self-improvement. It is partially their fault if they are not better off.

3. Farm labor has been considered an unskilled commodity, to be purchased on a slave market. Therefore, it fled to the war plants.

4. One-crop farming and regional specialization have strained the transportation problem, have created an American merry-go-round, have put too great a distance between producer and consumer, to the disadvantage of both.

5. The helplessness of the city consumer is to be pitied, but the blame for commercialization of industries and urbanization is to be placed upon our proud American shoulders. We apparently never realized that "the simple economy is the sounder economy." We have prided ourselves on a "Rube Goldberg" system of distribution.

If we were to point out permanent remedies, we would suggest:

1. Decentralization of population and industry.

2. Foot-in-industry and foot-on-soil for wage-earners.

3. More families living on the land, making farming a way of life.

4. More and better education for a full life on the land.

5. More and better education for city workers and farmers to know how they can cooperate among themselves; how they can manage their own credit, producers' and consumers' processes and transportation.

As the immediate needs and urgent necessities we propose:

1. Urban people must urge their representatives in Washington to understand the farm-production situation and uphold the President and the Farm Security Administration in their effort to aid the lower two-third's farm families, who will thereby be able to produce more.

2. Urban people must join in the demand for living wages and decent living conditions for the mobile farm laborers, no matter who they are or where they come from. *Slave labor is wrong for the Axis and it is wrong for us.*

3. During the war emergency, urban people must change some of their pet consumers' demands, e.g., certain colors in eggs or oranges, sizes in potatoes, fancy packaging, and so forth. Labor should be employed now in production of essentials, and not in useless frills.

4. Abide by rationing regulations. If you cheat you cheat yourself. It is not only unsocial and sinful but stupid as well.

If we haven't any bacon, it's our fault.

If we lose our democracy, it will be our fault.

PASSION IN THE ANDES

HEYWOOD BROWN

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SOME years ago I went on a spring cruise. The steamer touched the northern tip of South America and paused for a day at the port so that passengers might travel up the mountain to Caracas. When we reached Venezuela, word came that Gomez, the old dictator, lay dying in the capital. And as we went up the winding road, which drops a sheer two or three thousand feet at convenient corners, I noticed that all those who walked along the highway were clad in black or purple. Young and old, all seemed to be hurrying to some central point. And, naturally, it was my notion that they were hurrying to the palace to learn the fate of Gomez.

Of course, we went faster than the pedestrians, much faster than was my will and pleasure. I remember mountains above me and hills leaping like waterfalls to meet the sea. Sky and sea and chasm pinwheeled across my vision. And all because an old dictator drew close to his appointed hour.

In the great square of the city, these signs of mourning and of tribulation became banked into moving masses of people. And I thought to myself, "Perhaps the potentate is already dead, and it is for that reason that the garb of grief is everywhere."

But at the door of the cathedral the driver stopped and said something to my companion. My friend translated and explained, "The driver says this is the service to mark the three hours of agony on the Cross."

And so it came to me that they mourned not for Gomez, but for the Son of God. Out of bright sunlight I came into cool darkness flecked, but not wholly broken, by the light of many hundred candles. And all about the walls and statues and across the shoulders of the worshipers I saw the badge of purple. Holy Week had come to the foothills of the Andes.

I have seen church services in far and near places, and many were impressive, but here for the first time I saw a people who seemed to feel that the Passion of the Lord was actually occurring once again.

Pilate was not a famous dead Procurator of Judea who washed his hands in an ancient city long ago. It was but yesterday that Jesus stood before the Romans on trial for His life and was condemned. And at the very moment the living Christ hung on the Cross.

An Indian woman, older than any being I had ever seen before, lifted her head from the floor as she prayed that death should not achieve its victory. Children in their purple smocks looked at the dancing lights and wondered. But they were silent.

It was as if someone of their own lay dying in a

room at home. And all of them lived in a world in which each year Jesus walked again the earth and Judas brought betrayal in a pleasant garden. Many stood outside upon the steps under the hot sun and peered through the doors and down the dark aisles. They waited for some word from the mourners. Almost they seemed to say, "What is the news? How fares Our Lord on Calvary?"

The faith of the faithful burns high along that mountain shelf. Some part of the agony is theirs, but the joy of the Resurrection bursts in their hearts like an apple tree suddenly come to bloom. To them the miracle is without question. They have lived through it, and rebirth becomes a part of their own experience.

Only one sleepy sentry stood outside the palace of Gomez. My friend spoke to him. "Gomez is very old," said the soldier, "and, like you and me and the beggar in the street, he must die some day. But he is of strong will. He will breathe until he has seen another Easter morning." I suppose that before death the old man wanted once again to dip his hands in life.

TUNISIAN SPRING

CAROLA MacMURROUGH

SPRING has come to Tunisia. The air is light, washed by the winter rains, and the drenched earth springs forth fresh and green under the warm African sun. The fields are covered with asphodels, lifting their pale pink flowers on long slender stems, things of such ethereal delicate beauty that, in mythological botany, they were said to grow in the Elysian fields famed in antiquity. On the slopes of the hills the cork trees shake the moisture from their small green leaves in the passing breeze and burrow their roots further in the damp soil, prepared to stay there a long time and yield their useful bark every seven years. The wild briar is beginning to bloom like little yellow lights on many branched candelabra; its knotty hard root is hidden in the sandy soil, but some day it will be fashioned into briar pipes. Will some future smoker, in some peaceful spot, wreathed in smoke, ever dream of this eventful spring of 1943 in North Africa?

In the distance the blue mountains rise, and we know they bear an old, old name of Greek mythology, the Atlas Mountains, credited in those days with the task of upholding the roof of the world.

In this ancient land, renovated by an Eternal Spring, past and present seem to meet as if history were alive and not a thing of the past shut up in drab books. Presently, down one of the magnificent military roads built by the French and covering all of their beautiful North African colony, a detachment of American soldiers in khaki-colored jeeps speeds along with a purpose and tempo all of the new world. For with the spring, war has come to

Tunisia, a bitter savage war has erupted in all that peace and beauty. The ugly snorting tanks are mowing down the asphodels, the blue sky is full of the roar of planes, and blood is soaking the African soil. The spirit of evil is abroad in the world, threatening to engulf justice and truth and the very foundations of our Christian civilization; and, strange as it may seem, our American boys have come from across the sea, modern crusaders, to fight this new crusade on the old African soil already hallowed by the blood of thousands of early Christian martyrs. Their number is not known, but Christian communities flourished in the great Roman colonies of North Africa, as ancient cities like Timgad, near Constantine, the Pompei of Africa, attest; and others like Hippo-Bône, the Episcopal seat of Saint Augustine; or Carthage, near Tunis, where Cyprian, its Bishop, Perpetua and Felicity were martyred.

When the persecutions of the first centuries of our Christian era broke with unrelenting fury, the harvest of souls in "Rome's granary"—as these fertile colonies were called—was ripe for the silos of Eternity. One always thinks of the early Christian Martyrs as being all in Rome, in the Colosseum; but the "good news" of the Gospel spread like wildfire all over the Roman Empire and there were martyrs in many lands, indeed everywhere the imperial edicts reached. The story of the suffering, faith and fortitude of those countless thousands is buried with them.

We know that thousands of Christians were condemned to forced labor in the mines of Sigus in the territories which are now Tunisia and eastern Algeria. Imperial Rome drew most of her gold, silver, copper and other minerals from these rich mines, and was ever eager to get workers for this inhuman work. The captive men, women and children, old and young, condemned to a living death, lived in the mines, sometimes for five or six years, never seeing the light of the day or the change of the seasons, until they lost the sense of time. They worked in chains, with their bare hands, breathing the foul air and the dust and the smoke of the resinous torches that lit up the eternal darkness, in filth and hunger and dampness. Many died in the depths of the earth and never saw the light again. But the Splendor of Christ illuminated the darkness of those who "were the real living gold and silver of the mine," the future wealth of the world, and even night could not be dark for "those children of light." The great joy of those miners of Christ was to be together, if possible—a group of Christians; then fraternal love made all hardships easier to bear, because "it is good for brothers to live together" even *de profundis miseriae*. Sometimes one would return to the crypt which was their only resting place, after a day's work in a far-away gallery, with his face shining, his eye aflame: "I have felt the presence of Christ Jesus near me, when I was running beside my horses, dripping with sweat, dropping with fatigue; I felt His Presence near me in the darkness of the gallery; I felt His Breath upon my face, and all my body was refreshed." And the joy of one would be shared by others, the *Magnificat* would be sung, "My soul doth

magnify the Lord"—perchance echoed by another group of Christians far away in another part of the mine. These Christian martyrs lost in that night of horror were always seeking out one another. They would trace a Cross, an anchor on the clay walls, for such inscriptions as: "Thou wilt live in Christ" or "Vita, Vita, Vita," repeated with mystical insistence, or "remember poor Marcianus"—for their unknown brothers to see and take courage. For at moments the trial seemed more than could be borne, the awful silence of the encompassing earth, the impenetrable darkness of living tomb, the stench, the total misery and utter despair would overwhelm these living martyrs and they would moan: "How long, Lord, how long is our exile," and one less depressed than the others would reply, "What is a delay of a few days for those who are awaiting Eternal Light?" Their one desire was to receive the Holy Eucharist as a Viaticum, brought to them in secret, before their martyrdom, "because then it was not they who suffered, it was Christ Jesus in them," and as Cyprian, their holy martyred Bishop, had told them, speaking at the supreme moment: "When the soul is elsewhere, the body feels nothing." Whenever their persecutors feared a revolt in the mines, in order to strike terror into the thousands of captives working there, they would order the immediate execution of hundreds of Christians. In chains, in rags, living skeletons with faces of greenish hue, Christ's confessors would see again the light of the day, breathe the fresh air of a Tunisian spring, see the flowers blooming, and hear the birds singing. But to them, with eyes fixed on another vision, it seemed like a passing dream. Their souls, purified by intense suffering, almost released from their earthly envelope, longed to be with Christ, and they hastened with eager steps to the place of their martyrdom. On some Tunisian field, carpeted with flowers, perhaps asphodels, so lovely they were worthy of the fields of heaven, or in some fresh valley with a rippling stream, aflame with the blooming briar (can these myriads of the yellow candles have lit themselves to honor this wondrous passing?) they were martyred by the hundred, and while they called on the living Christ to help them, their blood soaked the African soil.

These legions of early Christian martyrs, whose presence must still hover over the unmarked places of their glorious martyrdom in the vast spaces of Tunisia and Algeria, surely are the patrons and protectors of the "modern crusaders," our American soldiers, treading this ground for the first time. By their spirit of high resolve, their unity of purpose, they are in a way the soul-brothers of our martyrs. They fight for the triumph of the Christian cause, and those who fall on the Tunisian soil will mingle their blood with the blood of martyrs, and share their victory.

For the martyrs do not belong to remote archeology; their blood is a living seed that will fructify until the last day. They are our eternal contemporaries, our spiritual ancestors, our friends and the invisible companions of our earthly pilgrimage, whispering on the way the promises of Eternity.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

IN recent Years, it has exercised the Minds of many thoughtful Men, that a large Part of the Population is without many of the Necessities of Life. And this has occurred at a Time when the Productivity of our Country, far from being less than usual, has, in fact, been increasing. From this, many have concluded that our Population is becoming too great, and they have therefore cast about for Means to remedy the Disproportion between Goods and Consumers.

No better Means has so far occurred to these Searchers than that the less privileged Part of the People should put some Limitation on the Natural Increase of their Families.

There have not been wanting, indeed, some of a Levelling Tendency, who have not scrupled to affirm that the Productivity of our Country is sufficient to provide for all its present Inhabitants, nay many more; and that the Solution should be to distribute the Goods more evenly rather than to extinguish the Necessitous. How fallacious, phantastick, idealistick, and communistick is this Solution, there is no one who does not see.

Many Gospellers, especially the Roman Catholics, have advanced Arguments drawn from Moral Philosophy and the Christian Revelation, purporting to show that the Scientific Controul of Families, as proposed by many of our Reformers, is contrary to the Divine Law, both Natural and Positive. We shall not waste time upon these Sophistries and Mediaeval Metaphysicks; for there can be no-one amongst our Readers who does not recognize that the Question is one of OECONOMICKS and Expediency; and that to draw in Morals is to retard the Progress of Science.

If, therefore, I now object to the Birth-Controullers, let no-one accuse me of Anti-Scientifick Scruples or Reactionary Moralizing. My Proposal will remain strictly on the Scientifick Plane.

My Objection to the present Method of adjusting the Population is that it cuts off many potential Producers of National Wealth and Defenders of the National Weal. At the same time we allow aged and worn-out Millionaires to live, long after they have become mere Consumers, living on their Wealth, and making no further Contribution to the National Assets. If one consider the amount of Money spent by such People in Florida and California, he must realize the Folly of letting these Drones live, while the Poor are asked to curtail themselves.

It is contrary to the Rules of a sound Oeconomy to allow Funds to lie in an unproductive Venture, while productive ones go begging. And no Oeconomist will deny that a Baby is a much better Venture than a worn-out Millionaire. Let the State, therefore, adjust the Population by lopping off these useless Branches and investing their Wealth in Babies.

And if there be found any who cry out against me as Anti-Democratick, I will rest my Case on the Voice of the People as between More Millionaires and More Babies.

C. K.

DURHAM AND ATLANTA

PROPHETS of gloom are always ready to find everything getting worse and worse between the white people and the colored people in this country. But unless these prophets are really hoping for the unhappy events they predict, they should be the first ones to hail any symptoms that policies of justice and cooperation, and not of conflict, are making headway.

Within a week's time such symptoms have multiplied. On April 10, more than a hundred leading white Southerners met in Atlanta, attended a meeting which accepted in principle a statement of objectives issued last October by a conference of leading Southern Negroes at Durham, N. C. Both groups, at Durham and at Atlanta, were moving in the direction of a better understanding between the races.

The Negroes at Durham were not content with drawing up a detailed and soberly planned program on education, agriculture, social welfare and health. They spoke plainly as to their political and civil rights. They condemned "any discrimination against citizens in the exercise of the voting privilege, on account of race or poverty," and demanded the abolition of the white primary.

Did the Southern white leaders get all "het up" over this plain speaking on the part of their Negro fellow citizens? Quite the contrary: they issued a statement commending its frankness and courage, and agreeing "to cooperate in any sound program aimed at the improvement of race relations."

The Negroes, they said, "rightly placed emphasis on discrimination in the administration of our laws on purely racial grounds. We are sensitive to this charge and admit that it is essentially just."

"No Southerner can logically dispute the fact that the Negro, as an American citizen, is entitled to his civic rights and economic opportunities."

Among the ninety-seven signers of the statement was the Most Rev. Gerald P. O'Hara, Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta.

Swinging to the other end of the arc, we hear more cheering news from Detroit, where housing disputes and labor discriminations have been poisoning friendly relations between the races since the war began.

According to officials of the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee, discrimination in the war plants by one group of workers against another has not been wholly eliminated, but the barriers are rapidly being broken down. The answer to the problem has been found in the "whole-hearted cooperation of employers, labor-union officials and the War Manpower Commission."

In New York, leading members of the Bar protested against the exclusion of an otherwise qualified Negro lawyer, on purely racial grounds, from the American Bar Association.

These are but straws in the wind. But in the South and in the North alike, the wind is blowing in the direction of a more Christian attitude toward the Negro in our midst.

EQUAL RIGHTS

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the Fourteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution, principally for the protection of the civil rights of the Negro. Of the hundreds of cases brought before the Supreme Court under this Amendment, only a handful have dealt with Negro rights; the Amendment became a bulwark of the privileges of great corporations and vested interests. About twenty-five years ago, we were promised a brave, new America where our thirst for alcoholic beverages would be amended away; we were all to become constitutionally sober. The results of these two pieces of legislation are such as to create a profound lack of enthusiasm for the proposed "equal rights for women" Amendment, reported out the other day by the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Recalling that on a former occasion the Supreme Court upheld the "constitutional right" of women to contract for twelve hours work or more per day, we understand the attitude of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., which see in the proposed Amendment a threat to the industrial legislation safeguarding women, if not to the whole set-up of hard-won labor laws. None can contemplate the prospect of litigation as to what are "equal rights" without seeing into what a morass of injunctions and decisions working men and women may eventually be led. The phrase "equal rights" is so indefinite—and the Amendment does nothing to define it—that the mind is inevitably drawn to the "necessary and proper" clause and the "due process of law"; only, "equal rights" seems vastly richer in possibilities.

Significantly, the authors of the Amendment have refused to qualify it by a proviso that would safeguard the existing labor legislation.

The Amendment, as reported out, contains a proviso allowing nine years for ratification, and giving the States five years after ratification to adjust their laws to it.

Consider the States as they try to adapt their laws to the Amendment—supposing that it is adopted. They have only two words to guide them—"equal rights." They will be lucky if they get two lawyers to agree on their meaning and application in a concrete case. And the Supreme Court might well ask for a five-year recess; for after that, the deluge.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, dedicating the Thomas Jefferson Memorial, found reason for gratitude in that the bicentennial should fall in our generation; for we can understand Jefferson's life better, perhaps, than many intervening generations.

We, certainly, are learning lessons that we had almost forgotten. Riding on the high tide of prosperity that ebbed so swiftly and so tragically in 1929, a generation grew up which took for granted that "the world owed them a living." There is truth enough in that attitude; but it can result in a kind of creditor mentality of the individual to society. Men can forget, and many did forget, that they are society's debtors; that they owe something to the world. Society does not create or maintain itself; least of all, a free society. It requires the active cooperation of its members.

But we forgot that, or let it slide into the background of our minds. Jefferson would have reminded us that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance; not listening to Jefferson, we have had to listen to Hitler.

The President has reminded us that we can understand Jefferson. We understand now that we cannot take freedom for granted; that he who will not fight for liberty can lose it. War is bringing home to us, in the President's words, that "faith and ideals imply renunciations. Spiritual advancement throughout all our history has called for temporal sacrifices."

It was Thomas Jefferson who penned one of the most momentous sentences in the history of the world: "That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, Free and Independent States." There he expressed his "faith and ideals." Thirteen Colonies, straggling along the Atlantic seaboard, were challenging the might of England. More than once during the struggle that ensued, their faith and their ideals were sorely tested; they understood the full meaning of renunciation. Had the leadership failed, the war was lost. But men of the Jefferson caliber are not easily turned aside from their purpose. Neither reverses in war nor disunity at home could shake their faith or turn them from the work to which they had dedicated "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor." We can do no less.

MANHATTAN HEADACHE

WITH the publication of the Hanes Committee Report on business and employment opportunities in New York City, the public may have been given a dramatic preview of impending changes in the social and economic pattern of post-war America.

If a man looks back over our history, he will find it difficult to exaggerate the influence which metropolitan New York has exerted on the rest of the United States. There, for more than a century, have been made the decisions which largely determined how the rest of the country would eat and sleep and live, how it would travel and play, what clothes it would wear, what books it would read, what plays it would see, what its children would learn in school and college. Other influences, of course, have worked to mold America—immigration, the frontier, the church and, of late years, Hollywood—but even these forces have themselves been influenced by the princely economic power concentrated on the little Island which, so history tells us, a shrewd Dutchman, Peter Minuit, bought from the Indians for twenty-four-dollars worth of tawdry trinkets. Seldom, indeed, was so little paid for so much!

Now comes the Hanes Report revealing the fears of contemporary City merchants that high tide has been reached in New York's fabulous growth, and may never return. Perhaps the crash of the stock market, in 1929, and the ensuing depression exposed the first cracks in this City literally built on rock. Perhaps the sun began to set that humiliating day when the municipal burghers had to appeal to the State, and then to the Federal Government, for food to feed its starving thousands. New York, richest city in the nation, perhaps in the world, symbol of the financial genius of America, where great banks crowded shoulder to shoulder in Wall Street and the House of Morgan stood with all the proud security of sovereignty, could not feed its own!

Then, during the first administration of President Roosevelt, the nation's financial capital was moved to the banks of the Potomac, and with its going the heart seemed to go out of Manhattan. For years its share of the national product has been declining. Now the war has come and largely passed the city by. New York is a city of small industries, thousands and thousands of them; but small industries are out of place in a world of mass production and Willow Runs. New York manufactures mostly consumers' goods, but this is total war, and consumers' good are rationed while heavy industry flourishes. By train and bus, people are leaving the city to seek employment in booming war towns. Real-estate values are shrinking. "Unless effective measures are taken promptly, looking toward the aggressive development of business and employment opportunities," the Hanes Report warns, "New York City may expect to lose ground relative to the rest of the nation in the future as it has in the past."

In the long run, this may not be a bad thing for

New York. Maybe New York is too big for its own good—too complicated, too noisy, too artificial, too hostile to babies and honest marriage. Perhaps the decline of Manhattan will not be, either, a bad thing for the rest of the country. Thoughtful people have long doubted whether its influence on the rest of the country has, to put the matter euphemistically, been altogether beneficent. In the Middle West there is still room for new millions, and the South is tragically under-developed. Perhaps the destiny of America lies not along the dangerous way of centralization, either in New York or Washington, but in a healthy regionalism in which industry and agriculture can be creatively balanced, according to a pattern more in accord with democratic ideals, to achieve the economic prosperity of our citizens—and even more the salvation of their immortal souls.

COAL PARLEY

NOW that John L. Lewis has modified his demand for a two-dollar-a-day wage increase for the nation's coal miners, the operators seem to have assumed the role of obstructionists. Although it became obvious last week, as the conferences with the Northern and Southern operators dragged on, that a compromise of the miners' demands could be achieved by negotiation, the owners seemed content to go through the motions of collective bargaining and wait for the whole nettlesome controversy to go to the War Labor Board.

This uncooperative attitude is no less reprehensible than Mr. Lewis' unwillingness to join the rest of the country in the battle against inflation. The miners have suggested two ways in which their pay envelopes might be increased with no change in existing wage rates and with only negligible inflationary effects. They propose: 1) that the companies increase the work-week to six days, and 2) that the miners be paid on a "portal-to-portal" basis, i.e. from the time they enter the mine to the time they leave it. They estimate that the latter change would involve little necessity for raising the price of coal to the consumer; and they point out—what is very true—that the owners have already received price increases from the Government to cover the added cost of the six-day week, although many of them have continued to operate on the old five-day week. Certainly there is room here for negotiation and compromise. It is hardly credible that in the ranks of the operators there is not enough intelligent leadership to realize that their Olympian attitude is exposing them to a charge of insincerity and alienating public good will.

The work of coal miners is very essential to the war effort. It is also very difficult and hazardous. They have a case when they say that the rising cost of living on the one hand and the "Little Steel" formula on the other are pressing many of them cruelly. Their demands are, partly at least, justified. They deserve a much more sympathetic hearing from the operators than has yet been accorded them.

EASTER BULLETIN

WHEN the Holy Women came to the tomb and found the stone rolled away, the Resurrection was already achieved, as the supreme event in the world's history.

Christ's rising from the dead was accomplished in time, on a certain morning when the Sabbath had been fulfilled. But it was also accomplished in eternity and endures forever.

In the last analysis, the act of the Resurrection is none other than the full expression of the Incarnate Divine Word. When Our Lord's immortal Divine nature triumphed over his mortality, He was simply expressing in act what, as God, He had said to Moses centuries before: *I am who am*: I am the eternal, self-subsisting God, source of all Being, master of death and life.

During Christ's public life on earth He pledged Himself, in word and parable, to the fulfilment of that which no Prophet, no Saint before Him had ever thought of promising: that He would raise Himself from the dead. On three known occasions He had raised the dead through His own command, not as a suppliant to the Divine favor but as a Master. By this final and supreme manifestation of His Divinity. He laid the foundations upon which Our Faith rests.

On Easter morning a huge burden of gratitude, as well as of responsibility, rests upon the followers of our Saviour. We think of the billion and more men and women in the world who do not share with us this precious possession given by our Easter Faith. Our minds turn to the millions, in the cities, in the countryside, in the churchless and priestless counties of the United States, who have never been told that God became man and conquered sin and death.

We ask: could not our Lord have met these people on the roadside, as He did the disciples at Emmaus, and have instructed them in the truth? The answer is, that He founded His Church for that very purpose, of meeting all men upon the roadside of life. On us, as members of that Church, rests the burden of bringing that message to those who have not heard it; bringing it in person, or through our aid to those who are doing that work.

If even one such soul can share with me the privilege of my Easter Faith, it is worth the labor of a lifetime.

There is a general Resurrection which is to come, and the whole world is moving toward that event. If we were not thus moving, it would be inconceivable that God would permit the miseries and convulsions of our mortal history.

But the pledge of the general Resurrection to come is the living reality of the Risen Christ whom we now possess. He is hurrying us, dragging us oftentimes, against the pull of our selfish, sensual selves, toward a share in His future glory. "For he must reign," says Saint Paul, "until he has put all his enemies under his feet." And the last enemy to be destroyed will be death." (I. Cor. xv, 26.) This is the greatest of all news bulletins. No wonder that, when we read it, we cry *Alleluia!*

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE FIRST AMERICAN NOVEL

THOMAS J. McMAHON

FOR years this Review was flooded with treasures from the pen of the late Thomas F. Meehan, K.S.G., its staff member for thirty-three years, and the editor of the publications of the United States Catholic Historical Society from 1916 to 1942. Others more capable have undertaken to eulogize this eminent Catholic historian and journalist in the pages of AMERICA, but we feel that its readers will be glad to hear that his beloved Society, with plans just under way for a suitable Memorial Volume in his honor, has already executed what was his last literary will and testament.

Mr. Meehan was always avid in his search for American Catholic "famous firsts" and shortly before his death he found another. All who read his last notice at the end of his thirty-second volume of *Historical Records and Studies* knew that, given life, he would produce another monograph for the Society which he had served for over fifty years:

According to Philip Brooks, editor "Rare Books," *New York Times Book Review* (September 14, 1941), Robert H. Elias of the University of Pennsylvania has compiled conclusive evidence that the first American novel published anywhere and written by a native of the United States was *Adventures of Alonso: Containing Some Striking Anecdotes of the Present Prime Minister of Portugal*, published in London in 1775 and written by Thomas Atwood Digges of Warburton, Maryland. . . . That the name of a Catholic should lead all the rest of American novelists is a find that ought to set research students in a very busy mood.

During the months preceding his death in July, 1942, the venerable octogenarian made all the preliminary arrangements for the reproduction of this most important "famous first" but was unable to complete the edition. Now the United States Catholic Historical Society, beholden to him for all the volumes of its *Records and Studies* and for many of its *Monographs*, gives to the public this first American novel in facsimile as its eighteenth *Monograph*.

Fortunately, the introduction has been supplied by Mr. Robert H. Elias of the University of Pennsylvania, the scholar who discovered that Thomas Atwood Digges, a Catholic of an old Maryland family, was its author. Since it was published anonymously by John Bew of London, in 1775, the only inscribed clue to authorship, aside from some variant title pages with the indication: "By a Na-

tive of Maryland, some years resident in Lisbon," is an inscription in pencil on the title page of the copy now in the possession of the New York Public Library: "By Mr. Digges of Warburton in Maryland." Mr. Elias proves, with the greatest acumen, that the same Thomas Atwood Digges (1741-1821) was, by all the clues "the inferred, the inscribed, the imprinted," the only native of Maryland, some years resident in Lisbon, who could have fathered *Adventures of Alonso*. He writes:

Without any question, Thomas Atwood Digges is the Mr. Digges of Warburton in Maryland who best embodies the characteristics of the anonymous writer. He came from an old Catholic family, originally of Kent, and could trace his lineage back to the time of Richard I, perhaps even to Alfred the Great. . . . His father, William, was a good friend of George Washington's, and Washington's letters and diaries show that the two families exchanged frequent visits and were on the most intimate terms. Warburton Manor, the home of the Diggeses ever since Edward's (Edward Digges, governor of Virginia in 1656) eldest son had gained possession of it in the 1680's, now Fort Washington, was situated on the north side of Piscataway Creek and the Potomac, nearly fronting Mount Vernon.

The author of our novel and his younger brother, George, were, says family tradition, sent to Oxford for their education, although Oxford has no record of any Maryland Diggeses having studied there. Certainly, as extant letters prove, Thomas Digges was in New York City on February 23, 1767, getting ready to go to Lisbon. Later letters to Benjamin Franklin prove that he did go to Lisbon: "where I am well known and a little respected." At the outbreak of the Revolution, Digges, then on foreign soil, rallied to the service of the American colonies. Sometime in 1773 or 1774, he had gone to London, where a year later his *Adventures of Alonso* were anonymously published. He soon became a private agent for America, sending valuable information to men like Franklin, helping imprisoned fellow countrymen and shipping arms through Spain. In 1779, at Passy, he proudly swore allegiance to the "thirteen United States of America," and in the same year, for services rendered his new nation, an envoy abroad wrote of him to Franklin: "Happy we to have such a man."

However, it was not long before a sad misunderstanding with the same Franklin started a long-lived tradition against Digges' character and even his right to be called an American. In 1781, Franklin had some strong convictions about him: "If such a Fellow is not damn'd, it is not worthwhile to keep a devil!" Evidently President Washington did not share this belief, for he declared "that the conduct of Mr. Thomas Digges toward the United States during the war . . . and since . . . has not only been friendly, but I might add zealous."

In 1799, Digges, back from a trip that had extended itself beyond thirty years, dined at Mount Vernon, and, until a few years before his death in 1821, he was politically allied with Democrats like Jefferson and Madison in their attacks on Toryism. It is to be hoped that a forthcoming biography of Thomas Atwood Digges, now being completed by Eugene D. Finch of Phillips Exeter Academy—who, by the way, shares Mr. Elias' convictions on the authorship of the novel—will clarify the nature of Franklin's adverse judgment of the author of *Adventures of Alonso*.

This first American novel itself, because it contains what Mr. Elias calls "a labyrinth of political nashgab," might be doubted as the "famous first" among novels written by citizens of the United States if it did not display a strong thread of fiction. It is the story of a young Portuguese, Alonso, returned home from an English education to a business career, who elopes with Eugenia, a married woman. Having spent his resources, he places his beloved in a convent and betakes himself out of Europe to gather a fortune with which to support her on his return.

The reader is taken with him on his various "adventures," among which are the smuggling of diamonds from Brazil and trading in contraband ware among the Spanish settlements. Escape from a Spanish sloop, a long trek across the Panama wastelands and finally enslavement to a pervert Moor keep him years away from his lady love. But, by a series of unlikely coincidences, he gets back to Portugal, enacts the role of prodigal son with his aged father, Alvares, and rejoices to hear that the death of Eugenia's husband makes him free to marry her. Alonso hurries to her side, only to hear the convent bells tolling out the tale of her death. Having despaired of his return, Eugenia had taken the veil and had solved the tribute of nature. Our hero weeps at the scene and returns home. Older and wiser, he became the comfort of his father and, on this good man's death, so ends the novel: "Alonso inherits great wealth; and, warned by misfortune and error, endeavors to tread in his footsteps."

The Catholic reader will note a certain breezy and liberal attitude in this novel of Catholic authorship. Thus, Alonso, sent to England for studies, against the wishes of his mother, Antonia, who fears for his faith "among a nation of heretics," is placed "in an eminent boarding school in the vicinity of the capital, accompanied with a private tutor of the Roman Catholic religion; a man, however, [!] of a liberal and enlarged mind. . . ." He scorns the superstition of his Portuguese countrymen, their belief in relics and their fruitless recourse to "an hermitage dedicated to Nostra Senhora de Vitelina."

The reform measures pursued by Pombal against the Church "were dictated by the soundest policy," says Alonso, in one of his most magisterial conversations. "They cannot fail promoting the increase of population; and it is to be hoped that future reigns, unfettered from the chains of the priests, will restore vigor to the laws." Yet when

Alonso brings Eugenia to the convent for safekeeping he finds the Abbess "a woman of sense and feeling; and being accustomed to see distress and affliction take refuge within their walls, [she] received them with sympathy and kindness." This does not prevent him from scorning a Franciscan friar whom he meets on board ship:

Sir (continues the priest), addressing himself to Alonso, I see you have been one of the votaries to love. Your air and manner bespeak it, and I don't doubt but you have touched the heart of many a fair lady—I see the adventures of this young gentleman will afford us great entertainment.

Alonso is made to answer, with the best flippancy of a proved anti-clerical: "My good father, if you will make us your confidante, we shall need no other pastime to the end of the voyage."

When the novel appeared, the critics of the London magazines and papers were divided as to its classification but decidedly not as to its permanence. "Dull and tedious," wrote the *Monthly Review*. "It is one of those performances, which . . . will be read without emotion, and forgotten as soon as it is laid aside." The *Critical Review* gave it more space but dealt its author a deft blow:

The author generally writes in a tolerable style, though we have noted the peculiarity of some of its phrases. "They immediately began to set about getting ready" is one which we are confident the author will alter in the second edition. We shall therefore not produce any other instance of negligence, but, to adopt his own phraseology, begin to set about concluding this article.

A modern reviewer will find *Adventures of Alonso* a gleeful excursion into the realm of our literary beginnings, but, for all that, research students must now extend their meanderings beyond *The Power of Sympathy*, published in Boston in 1789, and, until Mr. Elias' discovery of the Digges' authorship, considered the first American novel. Though the Boston novel may well have been the first published in this country, the London novel of 1775 "was apparently the first novel by a citizen of the United States, and, not only that, it was the first American novel to be translated. In terms of priority, its value can scarcely be denied." Add to this its Catholic authorship as well as the fact that its variant title page gives it a place among rare Americana, and you have all the reasons whereby Mr. Meehan and his successor in the editorship of *Historical Records and Studies* have judged it worthy of a facsimile edition.

Only six copies of *Adventures of Alonso* are now extant. The United States Catholic Historical Society has used the copy in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, which is a first issue, if not a first edition. It has also added the all-important title page from the New York Public Library copy, which contains the vital clue to authorship, and thirteen pages of advertisements, found only in copies possessed by the Harvard Library and the Library Company of Philadelphia. Copies in the Yale Library and the British Museum contain no substantial differences. These inclusions make the present facsimile edition complete, even though it lacks the master touch of Thomas F. Meehan, of blessed memory.

BOOKS

THE COMPLEAT BROMIDE

GIDEON PLANISH. By Sinclair Lewis. Random House. \$2.50

DEBUNKING is certainly in Mr. Lewis' blood, as even the blurb on the back cover of this latest novel seems to admit. It proclaims that he "has had his say" about any number of people; here he has his say about "uplifters, do-gooders, lecturers, professional philanthropists, committee maniacs, public-dinner presiders, microphone hounds—all rolled into one man."

Gideon Planish, college student, professor, dean; then professional organizer, "organizational director" and anything else that gives him an opportunity to do some vague good for mankind, while still making a tidy income to pay off the snowballing debts of his silly wife—this is the kind of person Lewis has his say about this time.

It is a devastating say, but it is not important. First of all, Lewis' technique is not at all subtle; it is really literary slapstick; there are no sly thrusts, ironic overtones, sarcastic nuances; it is all loud guffaws, wide grins, audible snickers. It is, in short, not social satire, which may be a delicate and effective thing, but caricature. And, as it is such, there is no relief: all the characters are buffoons, pretenders, climbers. We long for just one really solid citizen—but Lewis finds it hard to play Diogenes. Maybe he is looking for his man by the wrong kind of light.

Plot there is none. It is the story, day by day, of Planish and his wife, and of their attempts to climb. From the Midwest to New York and Washington, their paths of empire wind, and they end with limitless roads of the future still beckoning them to keep on climbing, pointlessly climbing.

One critic recently summed up Mr. Lewis quite neatly by saying that, after all his tilting at horrid straw men, "the village atheist goes back to playing checkers with the deacon." That is the impression here. Things, Mr. Lewis, are not really that bad among lecturers, etc., nor do you really think so, we feel. Isn't it that you felt that you had to write another book, and that the old technique is your only one, and that, confidentially, it is getting a little boring?

There are a few naughty passages, which are quite adolescent—like little boys saying bad words. They are not what ruins the book. It is just too broad, too much of a caricature, and yet with not enough hearty gusto to carry it off as good, vulgar Rabelaisianism.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

THE YEAR OF DECISION: 1846. By Bernard DeVoto. Little, Brown and Co. \$3.50

THE year 1846 may have witnessed the change of the United States from Republic to Empire, but on the author's own showing such a change was not the conscious, reasoned decision of the American people. The many slowly developing forces which suddenly fused in that momentous year to bring about this change are critically analyzed and dramatically presented. The Western migration, The Mexican War, the Oregon Settlement, the Mormon troubles, Slavery and many local issues which held the stage during those exciting days are all pictured for us in a vivid and interesting manner. The style and arrangement of the matter are rather confusing; it is only toward the end that the pieces fall into a recognizable pattern. Except for a fine introduc-

tory chapter, the first half of the book is difficult reading, although brilliant pictures here and there show that the author can tell a story with dramatic power and interest. The style is at times exasperating and bewildering—some sentences even lacking verbs; while the occasional use of unnecessary profanity adds nothing to the tone of the narrative.

Mr. DeVoto is a man of definite opinions and blunt statement; everything is black or white, the characters either villains or paragons. His heroes are Scott, Kearny, Donaphin, the First Missouri Volunteers, the Mountain Men and the ordinary emigrant. The chief villain is Fremont, with Stockton, Benton and Hastings in the supporting roles. Taylor is a brainless incompetent, Polk a mediocrity unfit for his job, Brigham Young a talented and capable scoundrel. He has all of the Utah Gentile's dislike for the Mormons. However, one must admit he usually offers convincing evidence in support of his judgments, and it is a pleasure to read someone who will make decisive statements even if you do not always agree with him.

The selection of material for a book such as this, together with its arrangement and emphasis, must naturally be a question of individual taste and judgment. And while the reader may look in vain for a mention of some favorite incidents and wonder why so much space is given to such unimportant details as the tragedy of the Donner Party—still he must admit that on the whole the job has been well done. It is a book he will not hesitate to recommend as an exhaustive and reliable study of a very important phase of American history, a mine of unusual information and Western lore and, in spots, as thrilling an adventure story as one is likely to find anywhere.

F. J. GALLAGHER

CRITIQUE OF STRATEGY

WE CAN WIN THE WAR. By Col. W. F. Kernan, U.S.A. Little, Brown and Co. \$1.50

THIS is a criticism of the strategy of the present war. It is argued that that of the United Nations has to date accomplished nothing of importance, and that a continuance of present policies will lead nowhere. An invasion of Europe, through the Mediterranean area, is proposed as being sure to cause the collapse of the Axis.

The invasion of Europe has been accepted as the proper thing to do. Before we entered the war, the British didn't have the force to do it with. Since, we have postponed the invasion pending the accumulation of the necessary forces. In the meantime we have operated in Guadalcanal, New Guinea and North Africa, not because these were important, but because we might as well be doing something until the main event was ready to start.

Col. Kernan does not approve of German strategy either. He claims that any good general ought to have been able to defeat Hitler in any year since the war started: for instance, in May, 1940, if the Allies had attacked Hitler's communications when he invaded France. The facts are that the Allies did not have any troops to do this with, and Hitler knew it.

The Axis is severely criticized, and its generals declared incompetent, because they have occupied more territory than they can defend, and will therefore go down to defeat as soon as a serious invasion of Europe occurs. The Axis has occupied much territory, in order to secure food and war material, without which they could not get along. It does require many Axis troops

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to hold all the occupied areas, but it is not a sign that the Axis generals are incompetent when they so act. It was the lesser of two evils.

The final argument is that we ourselves need a moral reconditioning of the country. We do. We have devoted much attention to denouncing the wrongs committed by our enemies, and probably too little to removing some at home.

This book is interesting and entertaining. The invasion of Europe which it envisages as strategically desirable is in the Mediterranean, and is probably just what will happen. Readers will benefit from checking on this when following later events. CONRAD H. LANZA

PASSENGERS TO MEXICO. By Blair Niles. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3

THIS readable volume tells the pathetic story of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico during the years 1864-1867. After a long study of the bibliography of the Austrian prince, and an amount of rummaging through the archives of Vienna and the contemporary newspapers of America, Blair Niles set out to write a connected narrative of the rise and fall of the French-inspired Empire below the Rio Grande. To give the story proper local color, she worked into it the careers of several characters from the United States who had some connection with the episode, yet were not party to its inception or continuance. The result becomes a kind of historical novel, but a novel of fact, not of fiction.

One who wishes to learn the elements of this short and unhappy drama can find them all present in the book, and thus it becomes a fairly good guide to an important act in the development of our neighbor country. Much restraint tempers the narrative, where prejudice or emotion could easily spoil a tale in itself quite difficult to unravel. Students who seek the deeper causes of the affair will not find a sufficiently critical analysis, either of Juarez or of the conservative group who brought Maximilian to his opportunity or his doom. Two observations do, however, stand out as definite and valuable: the Monroe Doctrine as the savior of Mexico in this crisis, and the bayonet rule under which that republic so long endured. For the rest, we have here a very human portrayal of a tragic mistake, made by Napoleon III, Miramon, and the Habsburg House. The "passengers" are not on their way to Mexico, but to death.

W. EUGENE SHIELDS

GREEN IS THE GOLDEN TREE. By Rhoda Truax. The Bobbs Merrill Co. \$2.50

THIS novel concerns the Elpian Field, a co-operative community, in New York State, during the Civil War years.

There are few details to suggest the period in which the story is set. It is rather a timeless background of an experiment in a better way of life. Against such a backdrop runs the dramatic love story of Polly Hoyt, daughter of the doctor and one of the founders of the Field, and Dan Crowley, a newcomer, less cultivated, but far more vital than the other members.

Dan leaves to visit a friend, hoping to convert him to the Field. While away, he becomes involved in a labor strike and, as a consequence, in eventual murder. When Dan returns to Polly and to solicit help for the strikers, he finds many of them cool to his appeal. He must leave to escape the law, but he would leave anyway, for he suddenly sees the Field as an escape from reality and its members as theoretical idealists, unable to face the challenge of life.

The novel is firmly constructed, the characters are clearly drawn. Polly and Dan, whose story it is, are warm, appealing people, full of sympathy for those who suffer injustice, but without the religion necessary to control and direct their emotional gifts. The author proves her point that theory alone is futile to relieve injustice. To this reader she proves something else, that humanitarianism, without spiritual principles to guide it, is dangerous.

MARY TOOMEY

AS YOU WERE. A portable library of American prose and poetry assembled for members of the Armed Forces and the Merchant Marine. Edited by Alexander Woollcott. The Viking Press. \$2.50

"POSTHUMOUS" seems a baleful term to be applying to Alexander Woollcott, for his companionable, if portly, spirit has lost little of its radiance for shifting its habitat to another sphere. But here it is—the first posthumous work of the Town Crier, critic, actor and "tottering noncombatant" who remembers the "next-to-the-last-war" well; like his *Readers* it is an anthology; and, among anthologies, notable as being the only collection assembled specifically for jeep-jolted, fox-holed American service men (though it passed the Washington bus test, too, we're here to report).

It looks like a tough little book, as hardy in its way, perhaps, as the heroes who will enjoy it or as the veterans of American literature who monopolize its 655 well-printed pages (Poe, Twain, Cather, and Co., and the very late Stephen Vincent Benét, as well as some others not so honorably discharged). It has all the merits and demerits of anthologies, but they need not be belabored here. You cannot please everybody, and the tastes of service men are no more predictable than any other. It has been noted, however, that service men, at least those in danger of their lives, are turning more and more to thoughts of last things and God. The present volume does not defer noticeably to that tendency, but then it could not very well, since almost nothing calling itself American literature concerns itself with such considerations. Otherwise, its evocations of love of this land (in Lincoln, in Frost, in Woollcott's own entries) are irresistible—and patriotism *can* come quite close to godliness.

MARY ELLEN EVANS

LITURGY AND PERSONALITY. By Dietrich von Hildebrand. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2

ARE you a personality, or just a person? If a person only, thus far, but with aspirations of becoming a personality, you have in the liturgy an ideal instrument for building yourself into a personality. That is the theme expounded in this book by the learned exile from Nazism now teaching at Fordham University, and as here expounded it has stood the public tests of almost two decades, the original of this work having appeared in German years ago.

Every man is a person, but every man is not a personality. A personality is the man who rises above the average only because he fully realizes the classical human attitudes, because he knows them more deeply and originally than the average man, loves them more profoundly and essentially, wills them more clearly and correctly than the others, makes full use of his freedom; in a word—it is the complete, profound, true man.

After a painstaking analysis of personality, in the longest chapter of the book, the author brings many aspects of liturgical life, as it may be lived, to bear on the task of enriching personality values: thus, among others, the spirit of communion, that of reverence, of being spiritually awake, that of continuity, and so forth.

Doubtless the most valuable of these considerations deals with *discretio* as found in the liturgy. The language is philosophical, the thinking close, the English smooth, and the author's familiarity with the Roman liturgy surprisingly profound. To this reviewer it seems that his definition of liturgy is narrower than it need be.

GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor of AMERICA, is now on a lecture trip in the Middle West.

F. J. GALLAGHER is a teacher of History, and Student Counsellor, at Loyola High School, Towson, Md.

COLONEL CONRAD H. LANZA, military analyst for AMERICA, contributes frequently to the *Artillery Journal*.

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HOW NOT TO WASTE SUFFERING

The Passion of Christ Our Lord was an event complete in itself but not enclosed in itself. It took place in a given month of a given year; yet every man till the end of time is born and lives in the full stream of it. It is continuous, not by reason of incompleteness (like a serial story), but because the energies in it were inexhaustible. It is continuous not because it needed anything but because everything needs it.

It is a mystery or rather a number of strands of mystery knotted. There is the part played by Our Lord's Godhead, the part played by His Humanity, the part played by our humanity. His Godhead gave the Passion the infinite value by which it redeems us; but, though no act of human nature could by its human value have redeemed us, human nature was to give all that it had to give, first in Him, then in us. Alongside His Passion, we already find the compassion of Our Lady, and in that sense there is a continuing compassion of the human race. And the more we think about these things, the more light the mystery will shed for us upon the whole of life.

Obviously, the place to study Our Lord's Passion is the fourfold Gospel; and the Church sees that we do precisely that in Holy Week. But, provided we have made this foundation study, other books can be useful—mainly as remedies for our tendency to lose the sense of freshness in a tale we have heard so often. Even the books we read may seem repetitious, for after two thousand years one can hardly expect new angles for the author's camera. Yet, Otto Michael has found a new angle. Barabbas is the forgotten man of the Passion and it is through his eyes that this notable refugee Austrian author looks at Christ's Trial. *The Hour of Barabbas* will help to restore the sense of reality that comes from a fresh view.

For this moment the supreme book on the continuation of Christ's Passion in the children of men is Caryl Houselander's *This War Is the Passion*. It is a triumphant book, lucid and luminous. The author's mind quite literally lives the doctrine: not only sees it, sees by it. I shall try to summarize the truth she sees by. Suffering is inescapable. But the annihilating element in suffering is not the pain, terrible as that may be; it is the sense of meaninglessness. Suffering calls upon men for a vast mobilization of their energies to wrestle with it, to keep their humanity from being drowned in it: all that concentration of energy for a negative—to keep suffering at bay. Nothing could be more desperate and devitalizing.

To men thus devitalized and despairing, Christianity offers the truth that suffering can bear fruit if it is united with the Passion of Christ. Suffering is not simply to be wrestled with but to be used. United with Christ's Passion, it is significant, effective, even in some mysterious way redemptive. Suffering is given men to do something with—the more they are given, the more they can do with it, not an atom of it need be wasted. To set about getting the uttermost use of it we must first see with the intellect, then accept with the will, its true relation to the Passion of Christ.

The necessity of using suffering rather than wasting it (and being wasted by it) is always more urgent when the level of human suffering rises, and in war it rises spectacularly. That is the challenge accepted in the very title of Caryl Houselander's book—THIS WAR IS THE PASSION.

THE HOUR OF BARABBAS, by Otto Michael, published this week. Price \$1.00 . . . THIS WAR IS THE PASSION, by Caryl Houselander, continuing best seller. Price \$2.00

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THE *Art for Arizona* show now at the Metropolitan Museum is of a kind that promises more than the spectator finds on viewing it. The pictures are a collection of contemporary American paintings, gathered by an anonymous donor for presentation to the University of Arizona. The disappointment in the quality of the art is probably augmented by the fact that the exhibition had the advantage of a very good *talking point*; and this has been used to give it publicity. As it is, the talking point, considering that it is a legitimate one, is rather better than much of the art, for it demonstrates that a wealthy donor, by a relatively small expenditure, can acquire an art collection and it may be assumed that he will encounter little difficulty in finding a college or university to accept it as a gift. No one can well question the value of having good collections of art in universities, but one is moved to wonder, in this case, if the combination of a rather large quantity of pictures with a relatively small investment is not the cause of the average mediocrity.

Not that names notable in the field of contemporary painting are missing in any quantity. Quite the contrary, as many well known American artists are represented, though scarcely with adequate examples of their work. While the idea of collections of this kind is a particularly good one, it would be doing a disservice to its best purpose if one were to grant it a superiority that it by no means possesses. That it had something in the way of a forerunner in the collection of modern American oils, water-colors and prints presented to Saint Joseph's College at Hartford, by Father Andrew Kelly, will not be news to my readers, as I have already called attention to that collection.

The publicizing effort in the case of the Metropolitan show is aimed to interest other possible donors in gathering collections for presentation to schools. The emphasis on the fact that a large expenditure of money is not necessary to accomplish this end is well stated by Bruce Mitchel in an article in the *Art Digest*. The purposes of art appreciation, however, would be better served if fewer pictures were bought for the allotted sum and more attention given to their quality. As it is, this art destined for Arizona takes its place as a collection of painters' names rather than of their better works.

So evident is this in the section devoted to oils that one turns with some relief to those few painters included who devote their talents to depicting the innately sardonic aspects of the American scene. The sardonic, illustrative qualities here give the spectator something on which to fasten his interest. Not that this type of painting is an adequate substitute for painting art in its higher manifestations, but it has the advantage, among a lot of neutral works, of an interest-compelling, topical content. It is a content, moreover, allied to painting ability and human characterization of an unusual kind in the canvasses by David Friedenthal, Reginald Marsh, Lawrence Smith and William Gropper.

In this group is Reginald Marsh's well known painting *Monday Night at the Metropolitan Opera*, with its searing revelation of social futility of the New York type, and there seems to be a measure of unconscious irony in this being destined for Arizona, a region happily removed from the scene and atmosphere of the painting. Its progress westward might be termed *from parterre box to the wide open spaces*, but I personally believe it should have found a home in the Metropolitan Opera House itself. It would be a constant reminder to socialites of what happens to the human personality when one habitually "puts on a face to meet the other faces." A further compensating element in the show lies in the water-colors included. These are of more consequence than the oils, but that is often the case in American exhibitions.

BARRY BYRNE

THEATRE

THESE comments are written during the second week which has brought us no new plays. Such intervals give us a chance to look back.

We have had the usual experience of seeing weak plays win some success, solely because of the popularity of their players. A striking example of this was *Without Love*, which Katherine Hepburn carried for several months after most of the critics had damned it with faint praise. Another is *Dark Eyes*. In this Elena Miramova and Eugenie Leontovitch are still filling the Belasco, with little help from their production. A similar comment applies to *The Doughgirls*, at the Lyceum.

But let us take the offerings as they came. After a September gloomily beginning with Saroyan and *I Killed the Count*, the first week in October brought us Brock Pemberton's production of *Janie*, a charming play and an immediate hit. In it Gwen Anderson, in the title role, and little Clare Foley, as an infant "on the make," took the center of the stage and held it all season.

There was a depressing interval in which we were offered, and briskly declined, *The Morning Star* and *Vickie*. We had also a brief showing of Saroyan's play *Hello Out There* and Chesterton's *Magic*—a double bill, which I thought should have lasted longer. Then we were given another hit—Maxwell Anderson's *Eve of Saint Mark*, the best play of the season. That gave us a brilliant October start.

We were then temporarily chastened. We had to see *Let Freedom Sing*, *Count Me In* and *Beat the Band*, which came and went in swift succession. Flora Robson held us briefly with *The Damask Cheek*. The next violent assault on audiences was made with *Little Darling*. Then came *Mr. Sycamore*, the Theatre Guild's first offering. This was doomed, even though it had Lillian Gish and Stuart Erwin to save it.

Our third and most extraordinary hit was *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Most of us would have laid a heavy wager against its popular appeal. But it is still going strong, thanks to Tallulah Bankhead, Florence Eldridge and Frederic March. The Lunts brought us *The Pirates*, late in November. This was another hit, the fourth. Everything about it is wonderful except the play, which is pretty weak. It will last till the Lunts want a vacation.

The next hit was *The Patriots*, put on by the Playwrights' Company, with Thomas Jefferson as its hero. That gave us five hits, not counting revivals, revues or musical comedies.

There were more plays that almost won success. *The Great Big Doorstep*, (with Dorothy Gish), was in this class. It all but got by for a run. Gilbert Miller's production of *Flare Path* had its admirers, but not enough of them. The Theatre Guild's production of *The Russian People* also failed to live up to the hopes of its sponsors. *Yankee Point* and *Life-line* were trivial.

Cry Havoc, put on by the Shuberts as *Proof Through the Night*, was a play I predicted would succeed. It took a little outing on the road and is coming back for further consideration. *Counterattack* and *The Barber had Two Sons* arrived in February for brief visits, and Mr. Roland Young optimistically let himself be starred in *Ask My Friend Sandy*. That was soon over.

Billie Burke had an almost equally disastrous experience with *The Rock*. But just as we were growing depressed, Helen Hayes came along with *Harriet* and landed it definitely on the stage of the Henry Miller Theatre. That's an eighth hit—and a big one. Before we had quite recovered from its impact, George Abbott made us a gift of a ninth hit in *Kiss and Tell*.

This practically brings us up to date, and simultaneously raises our spirits. A season which has produced nine new smash hits, not including musical comedies, cannot be considered a failure.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

"We are passing through one of the great turning points in history—

a judgment of the Nations

as terrible as any of those which the prophets described. . . .

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"The Law of Charity is not ALIEN TO HUMAN NATURE. On the contrary it is the ONLY LAW that can save mankind from THE IRON LAW OF POWER, which destroys the weak by violence and the strong by TREACHERY. . . .

"For the WILL TO POWER is also the will to DESTRUCTION: and in the last event it becomes the will to SELF-DESTRUCTION. . . .

"The Church cannot ABSTAIN FROM INTERVENTION without betraying its mission. . . . Therefore the Church must once more TAKE UP HER PROPHETIC OFFICE and BEAR WITNESS TO THE WORD, even if it means

The Judgment of the Nations

and open war with the POWERS OF THE WORLD. . . .

"Civilization must be REPLANNED FROM THE OPPOSITE END to that from which the CAPITALIST and COMMUNIST and TOTALITARIAN organization has proceeded. The elements in society which have hitherto been left to take care of themselves MUST BECOME THE ELEMENTS most carefully protected and highly valued. . . .

"What we must look for is NOT AN ALLIANCE with the Temporal Power, as in the old Christianity, but a REORDERING of all the ELEMENTS of human life and civilization by the POWER OF THE SPIRIT. . . .

"We must FACE THE FACT that there is as yet no WORLD CIVILIZATION in the same sense as there has been a EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION in the past. . . . The new world is a CIVILIZATION OF CIVILIZATIONS, a world society made up of DIFFERENT peoples or nations. . . .

"Christians have A RESPONSIBILITY to this new world which Europe has created IN SPITE OF ITSELF, by its scientific achievements and its colonial and economic expansion. For DEMONIC POWERS have entered the EMPTY HOUSE of secular civilization and are

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FILMS

CHINA. The war front moves on to China this week in one of the most convincing pieces that has been woven around the tragedies of our Oriental ally. Mounted in hard-boiled fashion, with death running rampant in air raids, strafings and other brutalities of war, the fundamental issues of China's conflict are only vaguely treated. On the whole, this is a rip-roaring bit of adventure, set before December 7, 1941, about an American who insists on "business as usual" during the Japanese invasions. Alan Ladd, in the role of an insolent oil-runner, carries on in his familiar gangster manner. He sells supplies to the enemy because it nets him a large profit. When the man encounters Loretta Young, a teacher who is attempting to save a group of Chinese students, and they seek refuge in his oil-truck, the Nipponese stage a horrible attack on the vehicle. Meanwhile the news of Pearl Harbor has come through, and then the whole complexion of the struggle changes for him. The once callous money-maker turns hero and is ready to sacrifice his life for a new-found cause. Loaded with interest, the picture takes on conviction as well, through the actors' genuine efforts. William Bendix has a made-to-order role, and supplies the few light moments that dot a generally sombre record. Director John Farrow has not sublimated the human angles for the very powerful war impacts. *Adults* will find this sympathetic presentation of China's gallant struggle well worth their attention. (Paramount)

CABIN IN THE SKY. This screen adaptation of the stage play from a few seasons back finds Ethel Waters cast in her original part as Petunia Jackson. Negro folklore is scattered through this tale of the struggles of an erring husband to save himself from the world, the flesh and the devil. Set in the realm of fantasy, the offering comes down to earth with popular songs, dances and a very seductive dusky temptress. Heaven and Hell take on everyday, recognizable appearances as the battle between Good and Evil starts for the soul of Little Joe. Prone to constant lapses into temptation, the ne'er-do-well gets a front-row view of the fight over his soul when he is laid low by a bullet wound. Little Joe sees enough in his coma to teach him a lesson, but unfortunately suggestive lines and situations have been injected to document his affairs. Though Eddie Rochester Anderson, Lena Horne and Rex Ingram, among others, give substance to this fantasy, *objection* must be taken to the suggestive interludes in the film. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

HEART OF A NATION. Overlong in its presentation, meandering in its treatment and blurred in its projection, this film fails to live up to the fanfare that preceded its release. Reportedly, this is the last production that was made in France before the German occupation, and this one print escaped the fate of the others that were confiscated by the Nazis, and was brought out of the country piece by piece. Charles Boyer gives an English commentary that explains the saga of a family whose joys and tribulations were closely wound up with the fate of France. Starting in 1871, the cavalcade journeys down through the years to the present, and shows how four generations of Frenchmen have faced the same invader each time. Though there are flashes of interest in the story and moments of fine acting by Raimu, Louis Jouvet, Suzy Prim and Michele Morgan, the whole is a tiresome affair. It is regrettable that the introduction of a suggestive dance sequence and a suggestive painting compels us to class this feature as *objectionable*. (Paul Graetz)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

SPANISH CLERGY

EDITOR: Father Peter Dunne's statement (AMERICA, March 27) re the Spanish higher clergy is not accurate. The Counter-Church which had fought against everything Catholic in Spain for over a century, as it had in France and Italy since 1870, made the position of the Bishops and their half-starved clergy very difficult. Since the days of Canalejas and Ferrer, the Vatican was very careful about its appointments in Spain. As far back as the Great War, Spaniards regarded revolution as certain to come on the death of Queen Christina. The Spanish Bishops were just as progressive as the French or Italian, but faced the same difficulties. They had one advantage. The peasants of the Two Castiles and of Aragon had escaped the godless education of a State school. They sang their hymns and fought. The picture is quite clear-cut to them. They understood, as Francis Borja did, how to deal with thieves.

New Westminster, B. C.

A. T. GRIFFITH

EDITOR: The reply of A. T. Griffith is interesting. It is illustrative of an unscientific attitude among Catholics that is not unusual. According to it, Catholic leaders can never be said to suffer from the slightest deficiency, no, not ever! There is only one sentence of the reply which is pertinent, but it carries no proof, and so *quod gratis asseritur*—My assertion was not categorical. It began with a "perhaps." Also it was fortified. I should think that the rather strong criticisms by Cardinal Gomá would give pause to those whose sensitiveness make them too quick to the defense.

San Francisco, California

PETER M. DUNNE, S.J.

ACCESS TO RAW MATERIALS

EDITOR: The phrase in the Atlantic Charter, "opportunity of access to raw materials by all," sounds very pretty, but what does it add up to? The American people had access to rubber after the last war, but they paid a dollar a pound for it. It's fine to say that the people of the have-not nations can get resources by buying them, but, so long as monopolists in the favored nations are permitted to charge five times a just price, the have-not peoples must work five times as long to pay for the materials as they should have to. And just as long as such conditions prevail, we may expect the have-nots to try to obtain raw-material territory for themselves by conquest.

New York City

B. E. B.

CRITIC OF FREE TRADE

EDITOR: Thomas F. Divine presents a strong case for Free Trade in his article in AMERICA (April 10, 1943). There is, however, at least one argument for protective tariffs, which, if it does not outweigh the advantages of Free Trade, ought, nevertheless, to receive consideration. It is the plight of those countries whose industries are still relatively undeveloped. Let us take India, for example.

When India receives its political freedom after the war, its problem of poverty and starvation will remain, unless it can achieve some reasonable proportion between its industry (now practically non-existent) and its agriculture (now the sole means of livelihood for the overwhelming majority of its people). If the Government of India does not protect domestic industries, they will be swamped out of existence by a flood of foreign products from England or Japan. As a result,

India, and other countries like her, will continue to supply raw materials to other countries at a low price, and provide a market for their finished products at a high price, thus perpetuating the low standards of living of her people.

Granite, Md.

JAMES M. CARMODY

ECHOS FROM HILL'S SIDE

EDITOR: Mr. O'Connell admits that I consider lack of writers merely symptomatic and then proceeds as though he had never made the admission. My opinion on this point has not changed. Something is wrong with any culture which is inarticulate; when a symptom of a serious illness is discovered, the organism ought to be subjected to a careful examination.

Both Mr. Fernandez and Mr. O'Connell agree with me that Catholics are not producing writers but they, as educators, shirk the responsibility and insist on going along in our present rut until something happens. This attitude makes them seem older than I take either of them to be; we usually associate it with the pipe-and-armchair weariness that does not ordinarily set in before the fortieth year. Saying "become a writer if you will" is like leading soldiers to a silly dowager's party and issuing the command, "Enjoy yourselves, blast you."

Our colleges have had "volume" for only twenty years? The statement is broad and needs distinction. At any rate, vast numbers of college students are not necessary for the development of a culture; in fact, beyond a certain point, numbers become dangerous. Father Castiello's pyramid represents for me the one point on which his brilliant mind let itself wander into distorted theory not justified by the facts.

My mention of Franz Werfel may have been misleading but it, together with the references to the imagination, should never have occasioned Mr. O'Connell's expostulations about the Catholic novel. Mr. O'Connell must share a certain widespread and erroneous concept of the imagination if he thinks the sole function of that power is to produce novels. Furthermore, if there can be no such thing as a Catholic novelist, then a large portion of the reading public is suffering serious delusions with regard to Sigrid Undset, François Mauriac, etc. I wonder if Mr. O'Connell is in earnest when he speaks of the novel as being purely an anodyne?

Mr. O'Connell confuses economic with literary worth; I did not ask for best-sellers, but only for good books. And I think that with our public we could make the sales sufficiently profitable.

Finally, in answer to both Mr. Fernandez and Mr. O'Connell, I want to make it clear that I never said we could "make" writers; but, to use a figure which is dangerously open to ridicule, we are apparently defeating the purpose of the educational hothouse by letting in a large amount of cold air; we are withering some plants which we ought to be nursing to full growth. My little article could scarcely begin to get at the root of our educational difficulties; its sole aim was an inchoate analysis and an encouragement to thought on the subject. I think that if Mr. O'Connell reads it carefully he will be more inclined to agree with it than to launch an attack on his own well-built man of straw.

Weston, Mass.

WILLIAM B. HILL, S.J.

EDITOR: The attitude expressed in the letter of Ricardo Fernandez (April 3) re *Why So Few Writers?* is typical of the negative attitude of too many of our Catholic educators. His sentiments seem to imply that Catholic edu-

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cators are satisfied with not discouraging talented writers. This attitude does much to foster the "shameless mediocrity" that at present predominates in the Catholic writing field. The idea of encouraging such writers appears to be beyond the ideal of Mr. Fernandez. Conceding that a genius is born and not made—even a genius needs active direction and positive stimulation to the exercise of his talents. It is clear folly to insinuate that such stimulation will be afforded if we are content "not to discourage" such a writer.

Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM J. BAUER

ONLY A HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN, BUT—

EDITOR: The fine comment on the Nurses' Apostolate of the Dying in AMERICA for March 20 flooded my mind with memories of Father John Robert Bowen, its founder, who died three years ago this April—a victim of his own solicitude for the physically ill, the mentally ill, and men of good faith who need only a little help to return to God in their dying moments. Since his heroism has never been properly celebrated, except in the hearts of those who knew him and in the memorials to the unfortunate that he left for others to perpetuate, it seems that on the eve of the third anniversary of his quiet martyrdom, I, who worked with him as secretary during his most fruitful period, could do worse than set down a few recollections of him.

"He was only a Hospital Chaplain, but—" was his favorite paraphrase of a well known ditty. He never got around to its apodosis. In his less serious moments he talked nostalgically of Strawberry Point and all that it implied, for it was in this little heavily wooded backyard of Dubuque that he began his pastoral career. He knew, of course, that he was far on the road to the only Strawberry Point he would ever see again—Strawberry Point, Eternity. I did not realize that his death was then long overdue, though he was only in his forties and was unreasonably busy. He had so much to do before he could leave.

The Nurses' Apostolate was born of his anxiety for those whose last hours would otherwise be desolate, destitute of spiritual comfort; but the living, and especially those who are doomed to go on living though their minds are entombed, engaged his sympathies no less. During the period I refer to, he was chairman of one of the committees of the Iowa State Planning Board, which was at that time surveying the State's eleemosynary institutions, specifically the mental hospitals. Father Bowen's energy in this cause seemed inexhaustible. He loved his State, of course, but more important, his imagination was aflame, and his zeal for souls—a direct heritage, it would seem, from the Van Quickenborns and Mazzuchellis who christianized the Central West—found in this work the richest of fields for the care of the Good Shepherd. "They cannot speak for themselves," he would say so often. His extreme distress for these poor stigmatized creatures, destructive as it was of his health, generated his interest in psychiatric nursing, an interest he in turn inspired in the students of Mercy Central School which he developed and directed—the second central nursing school on record.

Coextensive with these works was his preoccupation with medical and nursing ethics. His booklet, *The Baptism of the Infant and Foetus*, which has become an essential manual for responsible hospitals, doctors and nurses, involved years of toil over formidable sources, unending correspondence with the greatest canonists in the world. And the other issue of this concern—the Catholic Hospital Chaplains' Conference—was first articulated by him in the form of the Iowa-Nebraska Chaplains' Conference, of which he was founder and first president. And yet I have seen him stop his juggling of his four enterprises, toss on an old hat, scour the harbor for a boat for a four-year-old Chicago boy who had never sailed the Mississippi!

Father Bowen's last public appearance was at the semi-annual Communion breakfast of the Nurses' Apostolate, the Sunday after St. Joseph's Day, 1940. He

was never happier. All the graduate nurses from town and students from the school were there, and enthusiasm was high. The Apostolate was famous and his prayer-card for the dying was read around the world. There was no money, of course, to finance the printing or posting, but they were used to that. Especially you couldn't forget the jubilation that suffused Father Bowen's quiz-zical-kindly face. Several days later I discovered that he had no faintest recollection of that day. He had already outreached his time. "Only a Hospital Chaplain," or *Eccle sacerdos magnus?*

Washington, D. C.

MARY ELLEN EVANS

NOTE ON FOOD

EDITOR: Your article in the March 27 issue of your weekly, urging that food be sent to the starving people of Europe invites me to send you this quotation from a British Labor paper, *The New Leader*.

Supposing you found a vast quantity of fruit which, owing to war conditions, you could not send to the overseas markets, what would you do with it? Would you send round to the local authorities and ask that it should be put in the borough incinerator? Or would you do your best to hand it round to your fellow men? Yet in South Africa, according to the *Daily Express*, "more than 1,700,000, cases of oranges and lemons were destroyed in 1941, and 1,600,000, in 1942, to keep up prices." Closing their eyes to the thousands of hungry and poor children around them, the owners of these oranges and lemons deliberately gave the order for their destruction. In South Africa at this time there must be hundreds of thousands suffering from vitamin deficiency.

I offer this without comment.

Boston, Mass.

GIRALDA FORBES

DISAPPOINTED READER

EDITOR: *Divorce and Donjons*, your review of *Wide Is the Gate* in the issue of Feb. 27 is trivial, disappointing, inadequate, and, to the average reader, misleading. It is learned in a certain sense, but is not informative. It does not answer the reader's question: "Should I read this book?"

Too much space is given to the divorce angle and none to the misrepresentations of the Church. The lies about Franco, the Church, and the Jesuits go unnoticed, and certainly in this book Sinclair is at his best (or worst) when vilifying things Catholic. The unwary and misinformed should be warned against such dangerous books and authors.

Oak Park, Ill.

VILLAGE READER

SUGGESTION

EDITOR: I have been following with interest, and profit, Sister Dolorice's war on the comics. A discussion of children's radio programs would certainly be timely and helpful.

To make *AMERICA* a complete family magazine, a monthly National Legion of Decency list of the motion pictures is needed.

New York, N. Y.

A. M. COSTELLO

CORRECTION

EDITOR: May I draw your attention to the typographical error on the first page of my article on China (*AMERICA* April 17, p. 33)? The article as printed reads, "In 1933 over a commercial dispute," etc. The date should be 1931.

Manchester, N. H.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

(We regret that our proofreader did not catch this error. Ed.)

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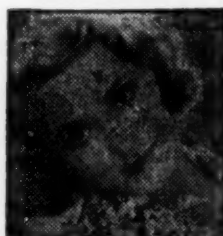
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PARADE

A NOT inconsiderable number of the philosophic and literary bigwigs of the past entertained an opinion of man that was somewhat less than enthusiastic. . . . Plato described man as a two-legged animal without feathers. . . . Shakespeare sired the following dialogue: "3 Fisherman: Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. . . . 1 Fisherman: Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones." . . . Trumbull noted a sharp antagonism among a certain class of men toward legalistic proceedings. He declared: "No man e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." . . . Byron believed that "Man marks the earth with ruin," while Young exclaimed: "Man makes a death which Nature never made."

The recent flow of news seems to bear out pretty well the viewpoint of these and other superior intelligences. . . . In New Orleans, as a funeral moved from the church to the cemetery, the hearse began weaving in and out among the funeral cars. When the cortège approached the cemetery entrance, the hearse suddenly bolted away altogether, sped down a main highway at sixty miles an hour. The other funeral cars pursued it for a time but, finding their efforts in vain, gave up the chase and returned to the cemetery. The funeral party had to wait more than an hour before the hearse finally showed up. After the body had been buried, the widow in the case sued the mortician for \$10,000. . . . Irreverence toward the dead was accompanied by irreverence toward the living. . . . A New York father poured whisky down the throat of his two-year-old son in an effort to stop the latter's crying. The son, rushed by his mother to a hospital, was narrowly saved. . . . A California mother, arrested for the murder of her five-year-old daughter, said: "Geraldine was too good to live. I did not want her to grow up and go through what I endured. We were in the washroom and I was seized with a sudden impulse. I took her in my arms and loved her. Then I lifted her high in the air and threw her against the floor." . . . Other sacred relationships were treated lightly. . . . A Pittsburgh citizen entered divorce proceedings against his two wives. . . . A New York woman went through two wedding ceremonies without ever becoming a wife. She married two bigamists. . . . In Brooklyn, two women who discovered they were married to the same man, met in court to give testimony against him. . . . In South Carolina, a couple walking along the street met a notary, asked him to marry them. He performed the ceremony right on the sidewalk before an audience of fifty pedestrians.

Strong today is a tendency to treat sacred things lightly. . . . Strong also is a tendency to regard the law of God as something fine and noble in theory but impossible of fulfillment in practice. . . . The law of God, this mode of thinking intimates, is too much for human nature. . . . Human nature, of necessity, spawns a copious crop of irreverence and crime. It always has and it always will. So runs this type of thought. . . . Human nature always has brought forth an abundance of crime and perhaps will continue doing so down to Judgment Day. . . . But this phenomenon is not of any necessity. God's grace is always at hand. . . . Human nature, if it wanted to, could cooperate with that grace and avoid serious crime altogether. . . . In recent history, a New Jersey town went seven years without the commission of one major offense within its borders. . . . The record of the Jersey town could be duplicated throughout the earth. . . . All mankind could be free from serious sin. . . . What a marvelous post-war world would greet the sun if post-war human nature in its entirety would cooperate with the grace of God. **JOHN A. TOOMEY**

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